

IRELAND TO-DAY

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CORKERY, CECIL FFRENCH SALKELD, JOHN DOWLING, NIALL SHERIDAN, SEÁN		
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NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIE BENNETT, *Secretary, Irish Women Workers' Union. Member of Board of International Industrial Relations Institute, The Hague.*

T. W. MOODY, *Lecturer in History, Queen's University, Belfast; tutor to Workers' Educational Association of Northern Ireland; joint editor of Irish Historical Studies; has made a special study of Ulster plantation history.*

P. ARLAND USSHER, *author of a translation into English of Cuirt an Mheadhon Oidhche. This is a further excerpt from Cainnt an tSeana Shaoghail.*

THOMAS KENNEDY, *an Irishman, with many years' practical experience as textile manufacturer on the Continent and in Ireland, realised, as early as 1920, the importance of Major C. H. Douglas's contributions to economic and democratic thought; has been identified with the Social Credit movement in North and South of Ireland.*

GEORGE LENNON, *identified with system of Flying Column organisation Anglo-Irish conflict and engaged in action against British forces; associated in United States with League Against War and Fascism and Irish Cultural movement; Secretary Nat. Assoc. Old I.R.A.*

FRANK MACDERMOT, B.A., *Oxford, Barrister, Inner Temple; T.D. for Co. Roscommon, 1932-37; was leader of the Centre Party from its formation in 1933.*

D. D. O'MAHONY *is the pen-name of a young science graduate of University College, Cork; has begun her incursion into letters with the short story.*

DONAGH MACDONAGH, B.A., B.L., *author of a volume of poems in collaboration with Niall Sheridan; has contributed to The Criterion and to English and American magazines.*

TEMPLE LANE, M.A., T.C.D., *holds a Tailteann First Award for her book, The Little Wood; author of numerous poems (The Fairy Tree amongst them), novels and short stories; formerly lecturer in English literature T.C.D. and Besancon University.*

The regular features are conducted by the Editors of the several sections :

Art JOHN DOWLING, B.A., B.D.S.

Music EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAIIR.

Theatre SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA, B.A.

Film LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE.

Books EDWARD SHEEHY, M.A.

EDITORIAL

WE welcome the restoration of the old name of our country, Ireland, after fifteen years of humiliating substitutes and hope that, in its fullest significance, it will be restored in the hearts of our people. We could have wished that its applicability might have been asserted with less timidity and less restrictive reference to the country's pending "re-integration," but, then, it is difficult to see from whence either of our Governments could derive authority to impose a common name on the other. Our Government in the South abandoned the prerogative they formerly possessed, and the practical machinery is not yet visualized which could resurrect it.



If we could write with even equal enthusiasm of other of our internal happenings, then we could account the year as having been well begun. But our enthusiasm flags when we consider the prospective election for the newly-constituted honour of President. The national dignity demands a commanding figure, whose integrity, personal qualities, freedom from party bias, and past efforts on the nation's behalf, would commend him spontaneously to the people and gradually win the world's respect. We look for a Lincoln—surely our labours deserve better than *ridiculus mus*? Some names mentioned for the post, if adopted, can only have the effect of bringing either the office or the country's name into contempt. At least one name mentioned fulfils most of the attributes that the position demands for its holder, but unless the nomination requirements could be altered to prevent the precipitation of an unwanted party struggle, there is little hope that an electorate, befuddled with party cries and prejudices, will implement a choice that should require calm deliberation.

At a time when there is not the slightest trace of ebullience, let alone ordinary civic participation, in our national affairs, it surely betrayed a remarkable lack of subtlety to suggest in advance of "Constitution Day" that no "frenzied demonstrations" should attend its celebration. Not since the passing of the "Treaty," when more than half of those who had taken active part in the struggle for independence were plunged into unmitigated gloom, has there been less enthusiasm than marks the present handling of the nation's affairs. The remedy is a simple, direct one that admits of no devious interpretations.

If Ireland has any contribution to make to the world it must, of necessity, be in the realm of the spirit. Only our Babbitts could entertain the hope that we can impress the world with the luxury or size of our hotels, cinemas, public buildings or monuments. But in the immaterial world that endures while the material decays, our little country can be the equal of any—provided, of course, she can hold her sons, shun the suicidal ways of other races and give adequate sustenance and shelter to those within her shores.

One of the things we approved during the height of our struggle and have adopted under the restricted freedom since attained, is Proportional Representation. Its retention is one of the guarantees that go to make the present form of government tolerable. Its abolition—as vaguely foreshadowed recently—would, we consider, be a retrogressive step, even should temporary advantage result. Our adherence to this system so far has won us disinterested praise in England, where its adoption is being steadily advocated.

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At the risk of writing without full possession of the facts, we must deplore the decision reached to recognise Italy's overlordship of Abyssinia. The suggestion was plainly made that the "good reasons" for the decision could not be disclosed, but no opposition or critical public can be blamed if they draw conclusions from the facts at their disposal. Italy's cold-blooded plan to annex Abyssinia drew condemnation from some fifty-five nations, including our own. If we are ever to have a dialectical leg left to stand on, if we are not to "debunk" the whole of our national history, we should be the last to recognise the conquest, which, incidentally, at best is incomplete and at worst may yet prove a white elephant.

Italy is hard-pressed to find respectable friends to-day. She has the bombers of Guernika and Nanking with her, but why should Ireland of all countries give any sort of recognition to one of the most ferocious and unprincipled conquests of history? If the "good reasons" cannot be communicated to the public, then we must believe that it is only for the veriest mess of pottage that this further shame is added. Even extreme republican sentiment would not accept victory at so shameful a price, though the gain should be embarrassment to England. And when refuge is sought behind the plea that only *de facto* and not *de jure* recognition is being accorded, one might justi-

fiably be tempted to retort : secure first even the *de facto* recognition of what is our oft-repeated objective, before meddling in such questionable occasions abroad.

●

Little provocation is ever required to bring us back to the subject of the slums. Two lecturers during the month analysed the essence of the problem, one, an eminent Jesuit, declaring that the slums in the heart of Dublin had not been touched. This is virtually true, for what has been done—a real achievement under deliberately hampering circumstances—has been more than outweighed by the increasing age and congestion of property which had been only bordering on the slum stage of decay.

If we are not clearing the slums—and we are not—the main reason must be the same that explains the persisting slums of New York or London, namely, the absence of the *will* to tamper with the vested interests that their speedy removal would demand. Our legislators have shown no inclination or ability to introduce such *fundamental* measures as these great evils call for. Terms of office alternate, now in, now out, but as we have stressed before, the system does not lend itself to radical change. The slums demand radical change. Such men as deny them that change are the sowers of revolt.

●

Finance is by no means the only difficulty in connection with the slum problem—it is not even the greatest. Nevertheless, it is the most specious and the most readily comprehensible, when inaction is to be buttressed or delay counselled. Both lecturers mentioned above suggested that the sweepstakes should be tapped for the necessary funds. Before this idea takes root in the public mind—it has been mooted often before—we feel it our duty to submit that on no account should such a proposal be considered. We are assured that for a co-ordinated scheme of hospital organisation in the country a sum of some £23,000,000 is required. The whole work of the Hospitals Commission is based on the supposition that such a sum will be eventually forthcoming. At the moment, only about half of this amount has accrued. It would, therefore, be a foolish dissipation of both energy and the funds realised through the organisation of the sweepstakes, were any diversion of the revenues to be considered now, however laudable the purpose.

FOREIGN COMMENTARY

THE Brussels Conference, like most of the off-shoots of the League of Nations, has sickened and died, and the high hopes raised by American intervention are already dashed to the ground. Three of the nations, participating in the discussions, know very well that they could cripple Japan by the application of sanctions without firing a single shot, but international trade forbids such a measure, and "vested interests" are found to be more important to Western civilization than the cause of humanity. We claim no credit for having prophesied two months ago that nothing, except the iteration of high principles on paper, would be done for China, now deserted by the White Man—the Barbarian.

* * *

Italy, every bit as relentless in her attitude as the group who would hold her and Germany to the status of second-rate nations, countered the Brussels Conference by indirect intervention in America, thus cynically teaching the United States to look after her own house. America is hurriedly doing so, being much concerned about the aspect of the New Constitution in Brazil, a territory vaster in size than the area of the United States, and containing about thirty-two millions of people tending towards Fascism.

* * *

At the beginning of the New Year 1938 we might again ask the questions: "What is wrong with the world?" and "What is the remedy?" To-day Mammon is worshipped to a degree hitherto unknown. The Golden Calf of Israel is re-erected, and the Gentiles bow before it. Materialism flourishes, and spiritual values are forgotten. Fascism, Communism, Imperialism thinly disguised as democracy, and every other "ism" that divides and weakens nations and denies a decent living to one group so that any other group may benefit unduly, can all be classified as rank materialism. It is a complete failure, as witness the fears and agitations and the widespread confusion attending its activities—international neurasthenia, a gerrymandered League of Nations, rumours of wars, a new international, scurrying statesmen, and the like. Human values cannot be bargained away.

* * *

As far as can be seen there are only two nations in Europe to-day holding to the true ethic, two small countries—Ireland and Portugal. Neither of us wishes to interfere with any other people. We see man greater than any lesser material attribute

of wealth or power, and we retain old values that remain the very essence of Civilization. These values include a perception of the Divine in man, a respect for equality of opportunity, and a decent code of behaviour. Let Portugal speak for us, and for the sorry and puzzled nations in distress, in the following excerpts from an address (dated last July) to the United States Government :

"The different nations of the globe are so linked together that no Government can, to-day, keep its country aloof from the repercussions of economic difficulties, financial crises, social disorders, and ruptures of peace What is surprising is the ill-considered egoism, which leads great nations to vaunt themselves as immune, and to hold themselves aloof from all effective and really useful collaboration in the international situation . . .

"All desire peace ; all proclaim the sanctities of treaties ; and of their faithful fulfilment ; all yearn for fewer difficulties in international commerce ; all seek to free themselves from the overweight of armaments. Difficulties only arise when an attempt is made to pass from intentions to acts"

Repeated affirmations of high principles, especially by the Great Powers, are admitted as of moral value, but up to now, as of little practical effect, and so misleading. In short, fine talk is not enough, as, in fact, it may be a trap when divorced from right action.

"If there is peril of war it is useless to try and induce States to disarm. If there is grave injustice in the solution of the problems of international life, and no visible pacific means of solving them, it is idle to try and dissuade the victims from having recourse to force in order to compel respect for justice, if force is at their disposal.

"If in virtue of their own excesses, nations have to defend their economy and financial equilibrium, or are compelled to do so because they have been exposed to the repercussions of the errors of others, and consider that the best means of defence is to raise tariffs, devalorise currency, etc., they will resort to these means, even though their true and ultimate interests should not be sought along these lines"

Portugal's attitude to equity, as defined in the clauses of her own excellent Constitution, is then defined :

"Portugal is a sovereign, independent state, which recognises, as sole criteria, in internal order, morality and justice ; and internationally, those limits imposed by conventions or treaties freely entered into, or from customary rights, freely accepted. It behoves Portugal to co-operate with other states in the

preparation and adoption of solutions which favour peace between peoples and the progress of humanity. The state regulates its national economic relations with those of other countries in conformity with the principle of adequate co-operation Our tariffs are noted for their moderation and their simplicity. We have no internal taxation, quotas or import licences which are injurious to external commerce. Our currency has been stabilised for years, and there are no inconvenient limitations of dealings.

"Our international obligations are loyally fulfilled. In this respect we do not constitute an element of disturbance. On the contrary, we constitute a constructive factor for peace and international order."

The time wasted in unprofitable conferences, inspired by good intentions, but which bear no fruit, is commented on :

"International society has attempted to solve its difficulties (as, indeed, have many states in their internal activity) by means of abstract formulas, declaration of principles, solemn affirmations, many texts and treaties, all of which, or nearly all of which, have proved useless if not seriously detrimental. . . . There would have been little difference in the course of events had there been less legislation.

"Although much responsibility appears to devolve on the abstractions and generalizations of Justice, the causes of failure, in our opinion, are the following :—

"(a) The total lack or insufficiency of study of the causes of world unrest ;

"(b) The excessive ambition to find one sole formula for the solution of grave international problems, applicable, *urbi et orbi*, of a scope manifestly superior to man's intelligence and capacity for putting into practice.

"By determining causes, limiting the scope of questions and dealing with them individually, or in groups having affinity with one another, we think it would be easier to define the attitude of conduct of each nation. . . . The search for the causes of this universal anguish or preoccupation must be undertaken, whether in respect of international acts, for which States are responsible and from which, therefore, for good reasons, they should abstain, or of phenomena which transcend in their origin or development the will or power of mankind. In the latter case men would not be the authors but the victims.

"Among the first-mentioned acts one in particular stands out. This declaration endeavours to eliminate it by advising abstention from interference in the internal affairs of other nations.

But this interference has taken preeminently the form of revolutionary agitation ever since a historical tragedy swept a poor and unhappy people to the exalted position of heralds of a new social era, and of messiahs of a higher and more sacred gospel. Unfortunately, as, behind Soviet mysticism there is an economic system and political values which it would suit many to favour, natural reactions against intervention have, here and there, been weakened or have disappeared altogether.

"To-day the victims are aiding the executioners to demonstrate the innocence of the procedure, as though the evil were a common and fatal epidemic entirely detached from its source of infection, and from the material, and moral, and technical assistance which continues to be supplied, in spite of promises and of pledges."

The lasting effects of the Great War and of the economic crisis of 1929 are then examined, and the following conclusions reached:—"At bottom, humanity reacts against anti-human economics," and "The disequilibrium of moral factors which originated in the war contaminated the whole of humanity."

"Now, at the same time, that men aspire more and more to wealth, or threaten improvidently to consume the wealth accumulated by centuries of work and economy, the distrust and the nervousness engendered by the international situation lead to increased employment for the construction of armaments This deviation (of wealth) from the natural direction of national economics leads to the exhaustion of international credit, by means of which the richer and more progressive countries would be in a position to assist the economic development of others. As a contrast, some countries are accumulating useless gold, the weight of which only serves to depress their own economic situation."

In the sphere of politics there is reason to ask whether the internationalism of to-day is a factor for war or for peace.

"We imagine that internationalism, concealing as it does pronounced tendencies towards national imperialism, is a source of complications and dangers. The ideas of supernational organization and the tendency towards 'Citizenship of the world' are either definitely erroneous or humanly impossible, or are so far from possible under present conditions, that they can only act—even in circumstances where the above-mentioned factor does not exist—as disturbing elements.

"New problems would be created on the pretext of solving those already in existence, and, although it is sometimes an alleviation to change preoccupations, close collaboration between

people on the basis of national organisations is a safer measure, if nations are imbued with the spirit of mutual assistance and with absolute respect for the rights of others."

Thus Portugal. There is nothing to add to these sentiments of simple justice and truth. A statement that must find echo in the hearts of all who value right principles and behaviour needs no elaboration. Neither can the fact that Portugal possesses large colonies detract in any way from the sincerity of her declaration. She has as much reason to fear Fascism in relation to the future of her colonies, as she now has to fear Communism. Her main purpose is to work out her own destiny, unaffected by international gospels. Internally she is sound and strong, though compelled to arm herself against aggression. Her progress and integration in recent years have been remarkable, and in her internal organisation she is ahead of many states, having, as a first principle, devoted herself wholeheartedly to the collaboration of every vital force she possessed to the work of consolidating internal peace, unity, and her territorial integrity.

Her lesson to Ireland is the example of internal unity, and one central loyalty, as the first simple essentials to progress. In many ways she is akin to us, holding tightly to normality on the fringe of a chaotic Europe.

* * *

In Europe generally there are new signs of an awakening to vital issues, and recent activities point to a more earnest endeavour to find some solution of the present mess, which will offend neither those nations who control world commerce, nor those lacking the full opportunity of giving their peoples a fair way of living through being denied a fair share. In Europe lies the peace and future prosperity of the whole world, and England retains her master position. She has learned rather late that every voice must be heard in a world growing smaller and more interdependent daily.

We are interested. Much is about to take place. Geographical considerations happen to be mutual, and whether we like it or not we lie along England's western flank, thus being one of her principal international affairs, perhaps her most important one, as she is ours. In her new survey and appreciation of world affairs, will she continue with that rather irritating ostrich-like policy—that childish "sending to Coventry," which leads nowhere? Can she so closely observe the condition of other nations, her immense task to-day, and be content with her failure here? That would be too contemptible.

JOHN LUCY

MOTIVE IN INDUSTRY

By LOUIE BENNETT

THE subject of motive in industry receives little attention in democratic countries. But the Fascist and Communist States do not neglect it. In Germany it has been deeply studied for many years by industrial psychologists and has now been established as one of the dominant factors in the evolution of the new Germany's social policy. Industrial psychology is studied in England but for the most part theoretically. The theories evolved are put into practice in isolated cases only. Here in Ireland industrial psychology is still an uncharted region, and the particular question of motive in industry is more familiar as a socialist slogan than as a problem lying at the roots of industrial development.

Every democratic Government is worried by the lack of harmony in the human relationships of industry. But harmony cannot be secured unless the motive of industry is common to every section of interests within the industry and inspires co-operation for a common purpose. Success in industry starts from the individual undertaking and is influenced by the humblest group of employees within that undertaking. Therefore motive is of primary importance.

Hitherto the average employer has relied on wages and working conditions as the incentive to good work. But experience has demonstrated that workers respond more readily to spiritual than to material motives. Professor R. A. Brady comments as follows upon this interesting fact:—

“Social philosophers, anthropologists and reformers have long held that man does not work for bread alone. But only recently has industry learned that significant as hours, wages and other conditions of employment may be, they do not of themselves call out the highest levels of labour productivity.

Given the minimum on these grounds, non-commercial are far more potent than commercial incentives. All those factors that combine to give the sense of workmanship, of group participation, of unfolding creative power, fall into the non-commercial class. Interest and emotional drives lead to higher and better sustained levels of output than can be provided by mere wage and hour considerations. With non-commercial incentives fatigue is lowered, improvements in processes and methods are more easily introduced, and friction between management and men is reduced to a minimum."

It is therefore good business for the industrialist to give more and more attention to "welfare." The new Germany sets an example in the exploitation of non-commercial incentives. The mind of the people, and especially of the young people, is permeated with the idea of work for the State, service to the State. The State is idealised, and the workers are inoculated with the conviction that they are not merely factory hands or wage-earners. They are soldiers of the State organised in a Labour Army to raise Germany to her rightful position of greatness and power. The methods by which this policy is carried out are subtle and ingenious, and it is perhaps the most effective policy yet devised in the struggle between Capital and Labour.

But will it prove permanently effective? It works under present conditions of a great nation struggling up from a period of tragedy and humiliation. But when that period is past surely the old resentment of the workers against exploitation will spring to new life. In spite of fine theories the fundamental motive of industry remains production for profit. It is a part of Germany's policy to retain this motive for the industrialist. It is cloaked under the phrase "service to the community." But profits to the individual are won through that service. Profit is the reward of the industrial Leader.

The core of modern industrial unrest is motive. The motive of the industrial owner is profit. Hence senseless competition,

senseless speeding up, callous mechanisation of human life. The motive of the industrial worker is a living wage. Hence fear, servitude, suspicion, discontent, revolt. The fact that neither employer nor employee is animated by an ethical motive in his work is demoralising to both as individuals and is a source of far-reaching evil in the world. Man accepts work as a purpose of life, but the purpose must be finer than production for profit if it is to satisfy his deepest needs. The industrial employee suffers because his natural satisfaction in work, his instinctive desire to be of service to the community are poisoned at the source by the necessity to serve the profit makers. He gives a fair day's work mainly out of fear of losing his job. And because the idea of output for profit dominates the life of the factory, he is deprived of the satisfaction of feeling that he is making a contribution to the life of the community. Thus the phrases "joy in work" and "dignity of labour" lose meaning for him.

This sense of a wrong purpose or of no purpose in their daily work amongst a large mass of people must necessarily create social evils. The natural instinct of the human being is to find a purpose in life and to find it in work. To suppress that instinct is to suppress growth. The will to live, and to live fully will find expression destructively if it is denied constructive outlets. The spirit of revolt amongst industrial workers, so much feared, so much maligned, is in reality the struggle of man's soul for a fuller life. Some social reformers see the machine and mass production as the corrosive elements of industrial life. But it is easy to exaggerate the evils of mechanisation. It is the misuse of it that is evil, and misuse springs from motive. Motive rather than the machine is the degrading influence.

The real crux of the problem is the question of ownership of the means of production. So long as the means of production are owned and controlled by individuals or groups of individuals "on the make," so long will industry remain in a condition of unrest and strife. Conflict is inevitable whilst two groups in industry who ought to be in co-operation are ranged up against

each other in opposite camps—employer and employee, in constant strife on the wage question. This position brings the class war out into the open. The antagonism between the two groups cannot be concealed. Much has been done by the Trade Unions, by Governments and by individual employers to improve conditions for industrial workers. And still the atmosphere of distrust and resentment persists—persists even in firms where industrial welfare is studied and applied. It persists because man's unconquerable spirit revolts against the sense that his capacities are being utilised to the utmost extent for purposes which he does not share and by methods which he does not control. Welfare and benevolence do not compensate him, because he feels himself in servitude to a profiteering class. He knows that welfare and benevolence contribute to profits.

This seems unfair to the kindly and reasonable employer, of whom there are many. But the employer is himself a slave to a system. He may have a real regard for his employees. But business is business. He has to meet competition, to satisfy shareholders. He belongs to the system. He must use its machinery.

Nevertheless the present position of a constant struggle between the two big factors of industry is too wasteful to be tolerated indefinitely, especially when the revolutionary spirit of the workers has become active. So Capitalism has fallen back upon Fascism. The Dictator and the Corporative State form a last line of defence. In Germany, as I have already suggested, this defence line is very cleverly organised and with due regard to psychology. The workers are severely disciplined but they are also doped with propaganda, and discipline and dope start in the factory with every group of workers from the youngest apprentice. Every apprentice is a cadet in Germany's Labour Army. His employer is an industrial Leader of that army. Both serve the State. The profit motive is camouflaged.

Moreover, the Fascists are using for the development of the Corporative system the trends of modern industry towards concentration. In every civilized country industries tend to

become consolidated not only in large undertakings but in combines, cartels and employers' associations. The Trade Unions move also towards concentration on an industrial basis though more slowly. Collective bargaining, collective agreements, and Joint Industrial Councils are now more general than exceptional. And this tendency towards concentration has been expedited by the intervention of Governments in industrial affairs. It becomes increasingly obvious that industrial development cannot continue on the haphazard methods of the past. The democratic countries still muddle along without any defined plan or method. But Russia and the Fascist countries are trying out new experiments.

I venture to suggest that neither experiment can prove completely successful, because in both cases the motive underlying the system is inadequate to man's need. In both cases the system is imposed and maintained by a Dictatorship and the suppression of intellectual freedom. In Germany, where Fascism finds its most intelligent exponents, it is perhaps most liable to early failure, because the theory of class is there made so rigid. The workers are held down to a standard of life special to their class. They are followers of Leaders chosen for them from above. The whole direction of their lives comes from a class to which they are subordinate. It is difficult to believe that even the most docile people will remain in such subjection.

The Communist system errs most profoundly in basing motive solely on material objectives. The Good Life for All in the material sense is a fine purpose, but not fine enough fully to satisfy human aspirations. Man's life constantly reaches out to wider spheres. Consciously or unconsciously he seeks a link between his daily job in this world and that Other World to which his soul aspires. He needs to think of this world's life as a process in a continuing life and of his work in this world as contributing to a larger life. In fact the motive of work must contain the element of religion. To revive the old slogan—"Hitch your wagon to a star," is to invite ridicule. But still it touches a fundamental human need. Fascism and

Communism do not ignore the need of the people for guiding stars. The Good Life, the State, Strength through Joy, the magic names of the Dictators flame in their skies. Hollywood constellations !

But democratic industrialists have no use for the idealistic motive. "*Hitch your wagon to a star!*" Pretty talk, but not business. And yet business run on the profit motive has brought us to this present period of tyranny, cruelty and ruthless Imperialism.

The democratic countries dislike both Fascism and Communism. They live in fear of revolution. But they are not courageous enough to face the new situation, and to try out experiments for the purpose of removing the basic causes of unrest and conflict, and of finding a policy which would harmonise industrial relationships. As it stands at present, the position is evil from every point of view, moral, social, economic. And it is evil because the dominating motive of industry is non-moral and leads to corruption and inhumanity.

We need to clear our minds on this question of motive. The motive of all work, whether it be of the manager, the expert, the machine minder, the apprentice, needs the element of religion in the sense of service to life. It should be a motive common to all sections of society. The motive of the artist who creates beauty should be the motive of the street cleaner. The motive of the statesman should be the motive of the mechanic and the weaver.

That means revolution. Not a revolution of violent action, but of thought. We might despair of achieving it were it not for the catastrophes with which modern life is faced. The strange and terrible happenings of recent years drive us back in our despair to the prophet and the idealist. Unfortunately for ourselves we ignore "the voice crying in the wilderness" until *realism* and *practical politics* have proved their inadequacy.

A voice cries now in the wilderness. What is to be the new Ireland's response to that Voice?

THE POLITICAL IDEAS OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN

By T. W. MOODY

It is probably a safe generalisation that, in the sphere of politics, no body of men has exerted so deep and lasting an influence in Ireland as the leaders of the United Irish movement. To judge from the output of writings on the subject, interest in the United Irishmen was never greater than it is to-day. Partly, the strength of the United Irish tradition lies in the vivid personalities of Wolfe Tone, Tom Russell, Samuel Neilson, Henry Joy McCracken, William Drennan, Thomas Addis Emmet, William James McNevin, Arthur O'Connor, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and many another ; partly in the cause for which they fought and the gallantry of their fight. But it may also be sought in the fact that they grounded their action on principles whose application was not limited to their own time. Their teaching has continued to have meaning for Irishmen down to the present day.

The United Irish leaders were nearly all intelligent and well-educated men, and their political manifestoes have seldom been equalled in this class of writing for cogency of argument and lucidity of exposition, combined with sincerity of feeling. They may still be read with pleasure and profit, and from them may be extracted all the main tenets of the United Irish political creed. That creed owed much to English constitutionalism, to American influences transmitted through the Volunteer reform-agitation, and to French revolutionary idealism, but, none the less, it bears unmistakably the stamp of the United Irishmen's own genius. They appealed to the traditions of the "British constitution" at the same time that they invoked the rights of man, and they went so far as to assert that the rights of man

were the "immovable centre" of that constitution.¹ But where tradition favoured the reactionaries, they had no hesitation in brushing it aside. They challenged the defeatist argument that because Ireland's past was so black, there could be no hope for her future :

. . . . we have thought little about our ancestors—much of our posterity. Are we for ever to walk like beasts of prey, over fields which these ancestors stained with blood? In looking back, we see nothing on the one part but savage force succeeded by savage policy ; on the other, an unfortunate nation "scattered and peeled, meted out and trodden down !" We see a mutual intolerance, and a common carnage of the first moral emotions of the heart which lead us to esteem and place confidence in our fellow-creatures. We see this, and are silent. But we gladly look forward to brighter prospects—to a People united in the fellowship of freedom—to a Parliament the express image of that People—to a prosperity established on civil, political, and religious Liberty—to a Peace—not the gloomy and precarious stillness of men brooding over their wrongs, but that stable Tranquility which rests on the rights of human nature, and leans on the arms by which these rights are to be maintained.²

They were confident that they held the only solution to the problem of Ireland's wretchedness, and that their programme, being so clearly based on reason and justice, could not but win the approval of all men of goodwill. "Nothing, we hope, is impossible that is just."

A brief analysis of their political ideas may be grouped around three main principles : political liberty, national unity, and social justice.

I

That the true purpose of the state is to preserve the freedom and promote the happiness of the individuals subject to it, was a basic assumption of the United Irishmen, which runs through all their writings. From this it followed that in any

¹ United Irishmen of Dublin to the people of Ireland, 14 Mar. 1794, in *Society of the United Irishmen of Dublin* (1794), p. 198. This rare book includes the printed declarations and addresses, covering the period 1791-4, of the Dublin society, which was the main propagandist organ of the movement. The page-references within square brackets in subsequent footnotes to the present article are to this book. I am indebted to Dr. Samuel Simms for the loan of his copy of it.

² Circular letter from the corresponding committee of the Dublin society, 30 Dec. 1791 [pp. 7-8].

³ United Irishmen of Dublin to the people of Ireland, c. Jan. 1794 [p. 130].

rightly-ordered state, sovereignty must reside in the people. "In them and them only we find the original of social authority, the measure of political value, and the pedestal of legitimate power."¹ The sovereignty of the people meant that all citizens should share in the making of the law and should be equally subject to the law:

. . . . we can give no truer definition of slavery, than that state in which men are governed without their consent, and no better description of freedom, than that not only those who make the law, should be bound by the law, but those who are bound by the law should have a share in the making it.²

Political disabilities, whether imposed on grounds of religion or of property, were unjust. "If these are not the principles of good government, we have yet to learn from the Placemen and Pensioners that flit about the Castle, in what the science of Politics can consist."³

Translating their theories into practical terms, the United Irish leaders demanded as a primary necessity a sovereign parliament, in which all Irishmen should be equally represented. About the beginning of 1794, they published their plan of a constitution for such a parliament.⁴ Ireland was to be divided into three-hundred electoral districts, based on combinations of parishes, each as nearly as possible equal in population and each returning one member to the house of commons. The electorate should consist of the whole adult male population:

. . . . every Male of sound Mind, who has attained the full Age of 21 Years, and actually dwelt, or maintained a Family Establishment in any Electorate for six Months of the Twelve immediately previous to the Commencement of the Election, (provided his Residence, or maintaining a Family Establishment be duly registered) should be entitled to vote for the Representatives of the Electorate.

No oath of any kind was to be imposed on the electors, and no property-qualification was to be required from candidates for election. Representatives must be resident within the kingdom,

¹ United Irishmen of Dublin to the Friends of the People, of London, 26 Oct. 1792 pp. 23-4].

² United Irishmen of Dubiin to the Irish nation, 25 Jan., 1793 [p. 59].

³ United Irishmen of Dublin to the people of Ireland, c. Jan., 1794 [p. 128].

⁴ "A Plan of an Equal Representation of the People of Ireland in the House of Commons, prepared for public cconsideration by the Society of United Irishmen of Dublin" [pp. 124-30].

but not necessarily within the district represented. The only other qualification for a representative was that he should have attained twenty-five years of age. No person "having a pension or holding a place in the executive or judicial departments" was to be eligible for membership of parliament. Every person returned as a representative should, on taking his seat, swear that he had not directly or indirectly used bribery to obtain votes, and any such person convicted by a jury of giving bribes should be for ever disqualified from sitting in parliament. Representatives were to be paid "a reasonable stipend for their services". Elections were to begin and end on the same day throughout the country. Voting was to be by word of mouth and not by ballot. Parliaments, and therefore general elections, were to be annual.

In several of its most significant features—manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, and annual parliaments—this scheme recalls the paper constitution framed by the democratic element in the New Model army of England in 1647—the first "agreement of the people";¹ and, with the exception of the secret ballot, it included the "six points" of the "People's Charter" of 8 May 1838—the programme of the British Chartist movement.² By comparison with the existing constitution of parliament in Ireland, it was revolutionary in the extreme. Yet it did not repudiate either the monarchy or the house of lords, for the United Irish leaders had not yet reached the point at which, hopeless of obtaining concessions from the ruling class, they became unqualified republicans. "We desire," they declared, quoting Junius, "that the constitution may preserve its monarchical form, but we would have the manner of the people purely and strictly republican." "³ In its implied exclusion of

¹ See S. R. Gardiner, *Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Revolution* (3rd ed.), pp. 333–5; G. P. Gooch, *English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century* (2nd ed.), pp. 130–3.

² See Max Beer, *A History of British Socialism* (ed. of 1929), ii, 30–1. It is noteworthy that the main organ of the Chartist movement, founded by Feargus O'Connor in 1837, bore the same name as the organ of the Belfast United Irishmen, the *Northern Star* (1792–7), founded by Samuel Neilson.

³ United Irishmen of Dublin to the Irish nation, 25 Jan., 1793 [p. 54].

the executive from the representative chamber, their plan embodied the doctrine of the separation of powers, that mistaken interpretation of the English constitution which, so brilliantly propounded by Montesquieu, was adopted by the framers of the constitution of the United States of America and of the first constitution of revolutionary France. But it is not certain that the United Irishmen meant all that their words implied, or that they had given much thought to this problem. They may have meant no more than to exclude from the house of commons officeholders other than members of the cabinet.

In the all-important part of their scheme, unqualified manhood suffrage, the United Irish leaders showed themselves entirely consistent with their cardinal principle of the sovereignty of the people. The French democrats, though they embodied the principle in the Declaration of the Rights of Man (August 1789), violated it in the very constitution to which the declaration was made the preface by introducing a property-qualification for the franchise. For the French constituent assembly (1789-91) held it to be dangerous to enfranchise the whole people at a stroke. The United Irish leaders were conscious that their adoption of manhood suffrage exposed them to damaging criticism, and they countered it in an address to the people of Ireland issued soon after their plan for a representative parliament.¹

In the first place, the reconstructed legislature was to retain the upper house, which, being for the most part an hereditary body, composed of great property-owners, would provide an adequate counterpoise to any extremist tendencies on the part of the representative body. It was not "the exorbitant power and republican spirit of the democracy" that was to be feared, but the corrupt influence of the aristocracy. "Can anything short of pure democracy maintain against them the integrity and independence of the House of Commons?" In the second

¹ United Irishmen of Dublin to the people of Ireland, 14 Mar., 1794 [pp. 190-8].

place, even if it were admitted that the possession of property was a necessary qualification for the franchise, that did not debar the poorer classes from the right to vote. The poorer a man was, the greater was his need for a voice in parliament to protect what little he possessed :

He has a property in his labour, and in the value it will bring in the market, the field, or the manufactory ; a property, on account of its smallness, of more real value to him than thousands of pounds to the rich and luxurious : a property, which must render him more interested in the honest disposal of the public money, since one additional tax may crush him, than those can be who receive that public money by virtue of places without employment and pensions without merit.

In the third place, the United Irishmen met the objection that the extreme ignorance of the Irish peasantry in the mass unfitted them to be electors by the argument that ignorance was the result of their deprivation of political rights and would be removed by the acquisition of those rights :

We know of no description of people in this country are peculiarly unfit for the exercise of their rights : and if we did, we would fit them for it by giving it to them. What has made those classes so extremely ignorant ? The privation of those rights, which, if enjoyed, would have procured them knowledge. Apply the reverse of that, which has debased, and it will exalt them. Give them the elective franchise, and let them exercise it directly. It is not just to judge of what people would be, when embodied into the constitution of their country, from their present state of debasement, in which they feel themselves unconnected with it.

II

The second main principle of the United Irishmen, national unity, though it was partly borrowed from France, was largely an induction from the facts of the Irish situation. The French revolutionary conception of the nation was a fraternal union of people, whose principle of association was neither blood, nor religion nor even language, but rather a consciousness of common interests, common achievements and common ideals. Ireland's past was anything but rich in the traditions of such a unity. The United Irishmen faced the fact. Apart from the Volunteer movement, which they constantly invoked with pride and

gratitude, they regarded Ireland's history as a great object-lesson in what ought not to be, and they called on Irishmen of whatever class, religion or origin to unite to make Ireland's future altogether different from her past. A common belief in political freedom rather than any mystical or romantic conception of nationality was to be the basis of this union. Above all, it was essential that the distinction of catholic and protestant should be transcended by a common devotion to the ideal of a democratic Ireland. After the relief act of 1793, which the United Irishmen had done so much to bring about, and which conceded to catholics the right—illusory under the corrupt electoral system then prevailing—of exercising the franchise on equal terms with protestants, the United Irish leaders thus addressed the catholics:

Fellow-Citizens—We speak to you with much earnestness of affection, repeating with sincerest pleasure, that tender and domestic appellation which binds us into one People. But what is it that has lately made and must keep us ONE? Not the soil we inhabit, not the language we use, but our singleness of sentiment respecting one great political truth, our indivisible union on the main object of general interest—a Parliamentary Reform. This is the civic Faith for which this Society exists,¹

Such was the positive side of nationality as preached by the United Irishmen. The negative side lay in their appeal to Irishmen to free themselves from political enslavement to Great Britain. Their analysis of the stultification of the Irish parliament after the "revolution of 1782" and the backwardness of Ireland's economic life, convinced them that, at the bottom, Great Britain was the enemy to be reckoned with. Great Britain's interest lay in keeping Irishmen disunited, and in preserving the corrupt electoral system which made the Irish parliament a sham. Therefore, let Irishmen unite in the cause of a representative parliament, and English domination would cease. The declaration adopted at the foundation of the parent society in Belfast, in October 1791, contained the significant statement:

¹ United Irishmen of Dublin to their Catholic countrymen, 7 June 1793 [pp. 83-4].

WE HAVE NO NATIONAL GOVERNMENT—We are ruled by Englishmen; and the servants of Englishmen ; whose object is the interest of another country; whose instrument is corruption ; whose strength is the weakness of Ireland ; and these men have the whole of the power and patronage of the Country, as means to seduce and subdue the honesty and spirit of her Representatives in the Legislature. Such an extrinsic power acting with uniform force in a direction too frequently opposite to the true line of our obvious interests, can be resisted with effect solely by *unanimity, decision, and spirit in the People* ; qualities which may be exerted most legally, constitutionally and efficaciously, by that great measure essential to the prosperity and freedom of Ireland, AN EQUAL REPRESENTATION OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN PARLIAMENT.¹

England's policy of treating Ireland as something less than a colony was the source of that colonial nationalism which Molyneux and Swift had expounded at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Flood and Grattan had lately mobilised with such effect. The United Irish leaders clearly recognised the importance of this development for bringing colonists and native Irish together in an agitation for constitutional rights : It was not till very lately that the part of the nation which is truly colonial reflected that though their ancestors had been victorious, they themselves were included in the general subjection ; subduing only to be subdued, and trampled upon by Britain as a servile dependency. When, therefore, the Protestants began to suffer what the Catholics had suffered and were suffering; when from serving as the instruments they were themselves the objects of foreign domination, then they became conscious they had a country ; and then they felt—an Ireland. They resisted British dominion, renounced colonial subserviency, and following the example of a Catholic Parliament, just a century before, they asserted the exclusive jurisdiction and legislative competency of this Island.²

But the "revolution of 1782" was only the beginning of a new and revitalising chapter in Irish history. Colonial nationalism must be expanded into a national union on the basis of a genuine parliamentary constitution :

. . . in short, the Revolution indicates new principles, foreruns new practice, and lays a foundation for advancing the whole people higher in the scale of being, and diffusing equal and permanent happiness.³

¹ *Society of United Irishmen of Dublin*, p. 3.

² United Irishmen of Dublin to the delegates for promoting a reform in Scotland, 23 Nov. 1792, [p. 35].

³ *Ibid.* [p. 36].

III

The third main principle in the United Irish creed may be described as social justice. The United Irishmen were emphatically not socialists. "By liberty we never understood unlimited freedom, nor by equality the levelling of property or the destruction of subordination."¹ Like the revolutionaries in France, they held that property was one of the natural rights of man, which it was the function of the state to protect. But they were very conscious that the existing economic system was contrived to give a maximum of benefit to those who contributed least to the national wealth and a minimum to the labouring masses. They spoke of "the monstrous and immeasurable distance which separates, in this island, the ranks of social life, makes labour ineffectual, taxation unproductive, and divides the nation into petty despotism and public misery",² and they declared it to be their dearest wish "to see a more equal distribution of the benefits and blessings of life through the lowest classes of the community, the stamina of society".³ It seems certain that they envisaged legislation calculated to redress the balance of economic rights now so heavily weighted in favour of the landowners against the peasants. Thus, for example, on the subject of organised agrarian crime, they could say:

If the lower classes of the community had been represented in Parliament when their necessities first urged them to insurrection and outrage, under the denominations of White Boys and Defenders, Parliament would have enquired into and redressed their grievances, instead of making laws to punish them with death. The Acts which are prohibited by many of our laws are crimes: but the punishments, inflicted by these laws, are still greater crimes. The reason of this disproportion is, that the rich man is never guilty of sheep-stealing, and the poor man has no one to plead his cause in the senate.⁴

The address which accompanied their plan of reform concluded with this appeal:

¹ United Irishmen of Dublin to the Volunteers of Ireland, 14 Dec. 1792 [p. 45].

² Circular letter from the corresponding committee of the United Irishmen of Dublin 30 Dec. 1791 [p. 9].

³ United Irishmen of Dublin to the Irish nation, 25 Jan. 1793 [p. 55].

⁴ United Irishmen of Dublin to the people of Ireland, 14 Mar. 1794 [pp. 192-3].

To you, among our Countrymen, for whose welfare we have peculiarly laboured from the first moment of our institution, and the contemplation of whose prosperity will more than compensate us for the sufferings we may have endured, for the calumnies with which we are aspersed, and for those which the publication of this unpalatable plan will call down upon us ; *To you the poorer classes of the Community* we now address ourselves. , We are told you are ignorant ; we wish you to enjoy Liberty, without which no People was ever enlightened : we are told you are uneducated and immoral ; we wish you to be educated, and your morality improved, by the most rapid of all instructors—a good government. Do you find yourselves sunk in poverty and wretchedness ? Are you overloaded with burdens you are but little able to bear ? Do you feel many grievances, which it would be tedious, and might be *unsafe* to mention ? Believe us, they can all be redressed by such a reform as will give you your just proportion of influence in the Legislature, AND BY SUCH A MEASURE ONLY. . . . Desist, we entreat you, from those disturbances, which are a disgrace to your Country, and an injury to yourselves, which impair your own strength, and impede your own cause. Examine *peaceably and attentively* the plan of reform we now submit to you. Consider, *does it propose to do YOU justice ? Does it propose to give YOU sufficient protection ?* for we have no fears, but that the Rich will have justice done to them and will always be sufficiently protected. . . . ¹

It is not clear by what specific measures the United Irishmen proposed to give effect to these ideas. They probably did not explore the problem far, believing as they did that the all-important immediate object on which to concentrate their energies was a radical reform of parliament. But they may be credited with the determination that one of the essential tasks of a democratic parliament should be to establish a more equitable relationship between landlord and tenant, and so to remove one of the most fertile causes of social suffering and agrarian crime in Ireland. That would have meant state-interference with the vested interests of the landlords, and herein lay the most revolutionary element in the United Irish programme. It seemed to even the generous-minded Grattan that the United Irishmen were simply bent on plunder. “. . . if you transfer the power of the state to those who have nothing in the country, they will afterwards transfer the property” ² Yet after nearly three-quarters of a century, during

¹ United Irishmen of Dublin to the people of Ireland, c. Jan. 1794 [pp. 129–30].

² Lecky, *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, iii. 18–19.

which Ireland's agrarian wretchedness attained world-wide notoriety, the British parliament itself was driven to enact land-legislation that, in its interference with the rights of property, went far beyond anything likely to have been contemplated by the United Irishmen.

As political theorists the United Irishmen were in the main current of European thought, and in the nineteenth century the ideas that they had tried to inculcate in Ireland became part of the common stock of European liberalism. The liberal conception of the state is founded on the belief that human personality is the most valuable thing in the world and that liberty is the essential condition for its growth. The fundamental purpose of the state should therefore be, so to safeguard individual liberty as to enable all members of the community to develop their faculties to the utmost. The state should exist for men and not men for the state. In an age when this doctrine is assailed with increasing intensity by the champions of the totalitarian state and the new barbarism, it will be well for Irishmen to remember that the pioneers of the modern Irish nation were the staunchest of democrats. To the United Irishmen, national unity and free institutions were inseparably connected. Their vision of a regenerated Ireland is epitomised in their own impressive phrase—"a people united in the fellowship of freedom".

T. W. MOODY

Aḡallam

p. A. ussher do scríob ó seanás
tomáis ó muinte (déseac)

Bail ó Dia ort, a Ristéir boict, is amasa tá feall an tSaoḡail
aḡam duit mar ḡeall ar do máṡair boict. Ar ndó is ḡairio an
luiḡeacán a bí uirtí.

Ó'se is ḡairio, a mic-eo. An tsean-ḡeare, ar ndó, nár leas sí
fearraib a bḡarṡaḡ uirtí is a ḡaitṡeacḡ anonn ṡar an loc ví
Sean-ḡasana í?

Ó amasa, níl luiḡ ná leiḡeas 'na haḡairḡ sin, ná ḡáirtis cun
do stoca a cimeáto in áirde. Ar ndó ní feadḡar einne aḡainn ón
mairdin v́in oirḡce ná ón oirḡce v́in mairdin 'de'n taobḡ v́inn a
ṡiocṡairḡ an feadḡ.

Ó ḡan dearmḡaḡ, sin é an tsliḡe, acḡ cairtṡimíto an salann a
cimeáto ar scilleir na praisiḡe 'ṡairḡ is a beimíto ann. Ar ndó
ṡá's aḡainn cá bṡuilmíto, acḡ an duine a cuir an lub isteaḡ sa
puzzle fice uair is a ṡós amac é, v́'á ḡastaḡt é ní bṡuáir sé
amac cá raḡaimíto.

Well bí 'oireaḡ ionḡantaís orm is a bí ar an nḡobán Saor an
lá a scioḡ an píleir mór an sean-ḡaipín de n-a ḡeann is a píoc
amac na nóṡaí a bí sé t'reís a ḡoirḡ ón mbean óṡta sa ḡarraḡs
coiḡcíos roimḡe sin, nuair v́'airiḡ me ḡur cuir tu 'de luain í.
Ar ndó nár mór an costas duit an doras a cimeáto oscailte ar
feadḡ trí lae is trí oirḡceanta malluiḡṡe, leis an tSeanriabḡac
aḡ pollaḡ isteaḡ is amac trí ḡeann an tiḡe?

Well ṡá'n ceart aḡat in slḡe, níl don dul as ḡur cuir sé
crampa im cuisle, acḡ ar an láimḡ deis v́aingniḡ sé snáitíacḡa
mo croidḡe. Mar beaḡ ḡac don cat aḡ bruiḡaḡ isteaḡ Dé Domnḡaḡs
v́'iarrairḡ spré a cur ar a píopa ar margaḡ an pḡaire, is ní
bṡaḡṡeá solas an lae v́'ṡeiscint sa doras aca, acḡ bí casaḡ
briḡirḡ mícilín ar an scéal 'de luain. V́'aitṡeopá do duine
muinnteaḡda lá práinne, mar cuirṡeacḡ sé poll bioráin i bṡóca
fir.

A JUST MONEY SYSTEM

By T. KENNEDY

A CONTRIBUTOR to this magazine has recently asked, can the Irish conceive a corporate philosophy of society so that each member will co-operate in full for the life and health of the organism, whilst drawing sustenance meet for his own nourishment and life from the common stock?

Can the Irish base that conception of society on democratic foundations—free speech, free criticism, free personality, a popular franchise and a parliamentary form, purged of the evils of party government? I believe this could be done.

If, however, we continue to use our present money system I am entirely sceptical as to Ireland—or any other country—making such a contribution to human social organisation, since the aspects of freedom enumerated cannot be maintained under it, as must be obvious to every thoughtful observer.

Of all the institutions which should serve society, and facilitate the relations and transactions of its different sections, the money system is one of the most perverted.

In spite of the enormous developments in every domain for the supplying of material wants, the labourer in 1495 was able to maintain himself in a standard of living considerably higher, relatively to his generation, than that of the present time, with the earnings of only 50 days labour a year, whereas now millions are working in an age of marvellous machinery the whole year round, in an effort to maintain themselves and their families just above the line of destitution.

Owing to the present money system's increasing centralisation of economic power in ever fewer hands, the percentage of the population which could be economically classed as belonging to the middle and upper classes was two or three times greater 150 years ago than it is at the present time.

Whilst production *per* man-hour has risen 40 or 50 times at least in the past hundred years, the wages of the fully employed have risen only about four times, and the average of the employable is considerably less than four times that of a hundred years ago, measured in real commodities.

Revolt in every section of society is evident. Wage earners are in revolt against the conditions of work ; employers against the restrictions and difficulties under which they are forced to operate ; taxpayers against the crushing burdens imposed on them ; the unemployed and destitute against the hopelessness of their lot ; entire communities against their form of government, and so on.

If Ireland is to make such a contribution to social organisation as above suggested, no subject demands more immediate and thoughtful attention than our present money system.

Ireland is a country in which the population has been halved within living memory because the people could not procure a decent livelihood at home, although possessed of a fruitful country.

This was mainly attributed to the economic exploitation of the country by Great Britain ; but those who pinned their faith to political emancipation as the solution of most of our social evils must be disconcerted to find our youth fleeing from their native land almost as rapidly as ever, and for the same reason, and this after fifteen years' of political independence.

I suggest that a partial explanation is to be found in the fact that—unlike every other nation who, when taking political control of their destinies, also took control of their own national credit—Ireland occupies the unique position of leaving the control of her financial credit in the country from which she has decided to separate politically. Confirmed in the position of Central Bank for all our Irish banks, by the Currency Act of 1927, the Bank of England to-day controls the economic life of Ireland just as effectively as that sinister institution controlled us during the Union.

To realise the enormous power of control exercised by a central bank under modern conditions, it is necessary to understand how money is created and issued.

Accepting the definition of money adopted by Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, the well-known chairman of the Midland Bank, in his series of addresses to his shareholders, as "all currency in circulation among the public and all bank deposits drawable by cheque," we soon find that currency is a very minor matter. Though useful for small personal payments, currency is merely the small change of any financial system. This is borne out by the fact that, of the enormous total of over £40,000,000,000 which passes through the London Bankers' Clearing House in a year, less than 1 per cent. is currency, the huge balance being made up of cheques and other forms of promises to pay. The origin of these huge sums of financial credit (money) is vitally important and may briefly be described as having mainly been created by banks and financial houses by writing figures in their books opposite securities and real wealth, over which they have been given a lien.

Banking has been described as a higher form of pawn-broking, with, however, the vital distinction, that banks advance money by writing a draft against themselves, whereas the humble "uncle" hands out cash against the security pledged with him. This power of banks to create money has long been disputed, but is now generally recognised as a true statement of the position.

In order to place the matter beyond question in the minds of readers of this magazine, I quote the following extract from the Report of the Committee on Finance and Industry presided over by Lord MacMillan, K.C., and presented in 1931, in which the process is described, pages, 33, 34. :—"73. The joint stock banks, or deposit banks, are the banks with which the public in general deal. They carry out many familiar services for their customers, but we are concerned mainly with their functions as recipients of deposits and as lenders to trade and industry, the financial market and other borrowers, and the mechanism which governs

generally their operations. 74. It is not unnatural to think of the deposits of a bank as being created by the public through the deposit of cash representing either savings or amounts which are not for the time being required to meet expenditure. But the bulk of the deposits arise out of the action of the banks themselves, for by granting loans, allowing money to be drawn on an overdraft or purchasing securities a bank creates a credit in its books, which is the equivalent of a deposit. A simple illustration, in which it will be convenient to assume that all banking is concentrated in one bank, will make this clear. Let us suppose that a customer has paid into the bank £1,000 in cash and that it is judged from experience that only the equivalent of 10 per cent. of the bank deposit need be held actually in cash to meet the demands of customers ; then the £1,000 cash received will obviously support deposits amounting to £10,000. Suppose that the bank then grants a loan of £900 ; it will open a credit of £900 for its customer, and when the customer draws a cheque for £900 upon the credit so opened, that cheque will, on our hypothesis, be paid into the account of another of the bank's customers. The bank now holds both the original deposit of £1,000 and the £900 paid in by the second customer. Deposits have thus increased to £1,900 and the bank holds against its liability to pay out this sum (a) the original £1,000 of cash deposited, and (b) the obligation of the customer to repay the loan of £900. The same result follows if the bank, instead of lending £900 to a customer, purchases an investment of that amount. The cheque, which it draws upon itself in payment for the investment, is paid into the seller's bank account, and creates a deposit of that amount in his name. The bank, in this latter case, holds against its total liability for £1,900 (a) the original £1,000 in cash, and (b) the investment which it has purchased. The bank can carry on the process of lending, or purchasing investments, until such time as the credits created, or investments purchased, represent nine times the amount of the original deposit of £1,000 in cash."

Mr. McKenna has summarised the matter in the well-known phrase : " The amount of money in existence varies only with the action of the banks in increasing or diminishing deposits. Every bank loan and every bank purchase of securities creates a deposit, and every repayment of a bank loan and every bank sale destroys one." Here we have disclosed an astonishing situation.

Following the precedent when sovereigns defended their right to provide their subjects with a medium of exchange by savage laws against any infringement of this attribute of sovereignty, we inflict a severe sentence of penal servitude on any tinker who " utters " four bad half-crowns. On the other hand, we have allowed a situation to arise in which a small group of private citizens, appointed by nobody, responsible to nobody, and dismissable by nobody, acting through private trading concerns, have the power to create the great bulk of the money in use ; to make it plentiful or scarce as they see fit ; to decide who shall have that money and increasingly, what their fellow-citizens may do with it ; they charge for its use, and, finally, they insist on the repayment of this money, and treat it as their own.

This enormous power resides in the control of credit and one of the most important questions facing this and every other nation is : " To whom does this credit belong ? "

A little independent thinking must make us realise that the credit thus lent to individuals really belongs to them by right of ownership of the real wealth pledged and, if the question is further pursued, it will be seen that the existence of the community, as a whole, is the real basis and creator of credit.

" As the situation stands at present," to quote the words of the well-known engineer-economist, Major C. H. Douglas, " the banker is in a unique position. He is probably the only known instance of the possibility of lending something without parting with anything, and making a profit on the transaction, obtaining, in the first instance, his commodity free."

Powerful as is the control thus exercised by banks over the

lives and activities of their individual customers, the control of the individual banks exercised by their central bank is, at least, equally effective.

In his address to the shareholders of the Midland Bank, January 27th, 1925,¹ Mr. McKenna dealt at length with the power of the Bank of England, pointing out that:

“When the Bank of England makes a loan or discounts a bill or buys a security, or indeed anything, it creates a deposit, which, in the ordinary course of trade, becomes a deposit of one of the banks with the Bank of England itself. In the same way, when the loan is paid off or the bill met or the security sold, a deposit of some bank with the Bank of England to the amount of the loan, bill or security is cancelled. Thus the action of the Bank of England in lending or calling in, buying or selling, regulates the cash held by the other banks, and inasmuch as this cash is the basis of their loans to the public it follows that the Bank of England ultimately controls the amount of deposits, that is to say, the amount of money. The capacity to increase or diminish the quantity of money, and thereby to depreciate or enhance its value, is inherent in the ordinary powers of a central bank.”

In his interesting book, *The Breakdown of Money*, Mr. Christopher Hollis, writing on the same subject, quotes Mr. Hawtrey, in his book, *Art of Central Banking*: “The common factor of pre-war and post-war experience is the intimate association of the state of trade with the enlargements and compressions of the consumers’ income and outlay by the central banks. If this fundamental causal sequence were understood, the public would hardly acquiesce in the central banks proceeding from their position of complacent detachment to generate depression, unemployment, bankruptcy, budget deficits and defaults, with all the resulting political and social convulsions, while Government after Government is broken because it can neither stem

¹ Re-published in book-form, entitled, *Post-war Banking Policy*. (Wm. Heinemann, Ltd. 7s. 6d.).

the flood of ruin, nor even provide tolerable palliatives to alleviate the consequences."

Yet it is this power which Ireland, bemused by years of mere political thinking, has left in the hands of those from whom she would be free, and against whom she now seeks to wage economic war ! That "economic power precedes and controls political power" is an axiom of modern statecraft and Ireland will never be truly free until her national financial credit is controlled by Irishmen and administered by Irish institutions in the true interests of the citizens who create it.

Such control would, however, have to be exercised so that the credit issues and withdrawals would accurately reflect the production and consumption of goods and services in this country.

In the epoch-making discoveries of Major Douglas we have a key to most of the economic difficulties confronting the world, but, as there is already an extensive literature on the subject, those interested can study the subject for themselves.

Briefly, it has been demonstrated that under present conditions the purchasing power in the hands of the community is chronically insufficient to buy the whole product of industry. This is because the money required to finance capital production, and created by the banks for that purpose, is regarded as borrowed from them, and, therefore, in order that it may be repaid, is charged into the price of consumers' goods. It is a vital fallacy to treat new money thus created by the banks as a repayable loan, without crediting the community, on the strength of whose resources the money was created, with the value of the resulting new capital resources. This has given rise to a defective system of national loan accountancy, resulting in the reduction of the community to a condition of perpetual scarcity, and bringing them face to face with the alternatives of widespread unemployment of men and machines, as at present, or of international complications arising from the struggle for foreign markets.

The general principles required of any financial system sufficiently flexible to meet the conditions which now exist and to continue to reflect the economic facts as these facts change under the influence of improved process and the increased use of power, are simple and have been summarised by Major Douglas as follows:

(a) That the cash credits of the population of any country shall at any moment be collectively equal to the collective cash prices for consumable goods for sale in that country (irrespective of the cost prices of such goods) and such cash credits shall be cancelled or depreciated only on the purchase or depreciation of goods for consumption.

(b) That the credits required to finance production shall be supplied not from savings, but be new credits relating to new production, and shall be recalled only in ratio of general depreciation to general appreciation.

(c) That the distribution of cash credits to individuals shall be progressively less dependent upon employment. That is to say, that the dividend shall progressively displace the wage and salary, as productive capacity increases per man-hour.

With the assurance of the economic freedom of the individual, which such a money system would give, Ireland would set an example of social peace and plenty, which would be of incalculable international value at the present time. She would also make a contribution to spiritual values at least comparable to her evangelising efforts when Irish monks converted half Europe to the Christian faith.

We must, however, first recognise that the real fight for the freedom of Irish individuals—and a free nation can only be composed of free individuals—has still to be fought.

T. KENNEDY

NATIONAL DEFENCE

By GEORGE LENNON

IN view of those events which tend to show that expediency has ousted morality from the affairs of world politics, the writer considers that the time is opportune to draw attention to the question of National Defence in this country. At the moment, as far as can be gathered, neither popularly nor in official circles, has the matter received any serious attention. The pervading attitude seems to be that the position is so hopeless that any efforts within our power would not produce results of appreciable value. Another attitude, too, gains ground, even among one-time Republicans, that our defence is one of England's problems. If it can be granted that England can be looked upon by us as a friendly power, that our interests and England's are identical, the validity of this latter attitude must be granted. A vital factor in the present situation is this, that England cannot be so classed while she maintains an artificial partition as a bar to the independence of this country, in accordance with the provisions of a Treaty enacted under threat of war.

In the event of a European War, with England involved, it is essential that we be at least in a position to insist on neutrality. And with an eye to the affairs of world politics, England's colonial policy in the past, the conduct of associated European powers in relation to affairs in Manchukuo, Abyssinia and Spain, the complete powerlessness of international opinion that expends itself in futile and cynical diplomatic shufflings, it is hard to conceive our being allowed to preserve that neutrality. Furthermore, in addition to the partitioned and occupied Six Counties, England has certain concessions in the South under the Treaty, and a somewhat critical public opinion is inclined to suspect that she has achieved more within the last year. Our history has been a continual preparation for the day of England's difficulty. To the English people, at a time of peace and that forgiveness which the English know so well to exercise, this may sound base and cynical. On the other hand, we have never expressed our complete contentedness with English rule. The situation since the Treaty has brought no really fundamental change in our relationship with England, and it is still too early to forgo the unpleasant necessity of searching out the political horizon for Ireland's opportunity and preparing accordingly.

In the event of such a war as above visualised, the safety and well-being of this country would stand in direct proportion to her preparedness ; her immunity to English demands would depend on the extent to which she could offer resistance to those demands.

This question of National Defence is nothing new ; only to-day for the first time we are in a position to arm our people in their own defence. Revolutionary organisations within the last two centuries expended the bulk of their time and energy to provide the minimum of equipment for resistance to an enemy force already in occupation. Under those circumstances, any attempts at achieving armament on a large scale were fraught with difficulty and invariably ended in failure. It is possibly true that the War of Independence, 1916-'23, was fought largely with arms and war material taken from the British Army of Occupation. Unless we conceive that the situation has fundamentally changed it would appear incumbent on a native government, having the means to hand, to strengthen the national defence machinery to the point where it would make it a very costly business for any foreign power to again attempt a conquest of our liberated territory. It is imperative that the amount of money annually outlayed for the military arm should be expended to assure the greatest possible measure of national safety.

Before going further it might be well to state our awareness of and aversion to that extraordinary situation whereby governments expend vast sums of money on warlike preparation notwithstanding the fact that unnumbered thousands are in want and destitution, and to make clear our whole-hearted support of all sincere efforts directed towards universal peace and the abolition of war ; we are here entirely concerned with the question of Defence and the preservation of immunity at home. There are times when it is essential for the very life of a people that effort and expenditure, which we might wish to see directed otherwise, have to be directed to national security.

This State is to-day lacking in a defence policy, in a defence force of any consequence and in experienced military leadership. So weak is it in all three respects that it is neither in a position to take a self-reliant stand towards an exacting neighbour nor to protect itself in the eventuality of an attack from any quarter. It is, consequently, without the powerful asset of confidence and determination which a militant and resurgent people employs effectively to enforce its natural rights and to deter the approach of designing imperialisms.

The following observations are designed to draw attention to the present state of things in this sphere and do not pretend to an exhaustive treatment of the subject.

Attention brought to bear on our military resources reveals a standing army of 6,170 officers and men and without the equipment essential to a defence force. This is obviously quite insufficient for protection. The Minister on introducing the last army estimates proposed an increase of 200 men, which is ridiculously inadequate for any emergency. The amount estimated for military equipment is a very small fraction of the million and a half cost, practically all of which is for salaries and maintenance. A necessary outlay on war equipment plus a not greatly increased budgeting for an increase in the standing army and the efficient organisation of the whole would show a return for the money expended. The expenditure of a million and a half of public revenue on a nominal force is not commensurate with the result, unless one is satisfied with Ruritanian uniforms for our officers and a picturesque troop of Gilbertian cavalry. But the price for such trifles is too high.

As to modern armament the army has two anti-aircraft guns. Anti-tank armament, if it is there at all, is negligible. The air force is Lilliputian ; but it is an expensive arm to make it any way effective, and the large sum of money necessary to make it so might more profitably be expended on the Line.

Reserves of small arm ammunition are altogether insufficient; we have not the means to manufacture it, or any other munitions, and we have to depend on Britain for supplies.

Briefly, we have some six thousand well-trained infantry, more or less capably officered, but lacking in the supplementary essentials necessary to make the force really effective : we have insufficient munition supplies, and can be cut off from our base of supply at any time.

Military expense is at all times a burden and at best a necessary evil. A country's military strength is largely governed by its wealth and the state of its finances and the problem of the small nation is to secure the maximum of protection within its limited means. The upkeep of a large and heavily-equipped standing army is out of the question for Ireland. Heavy mechanisation, the construction of fortifications and the acquisition of aircraft and artillery on a large scale would be quite beyond our means. Having no aggressive intentions and being concerned only with defence, our requirements are those that will guarantee the maximum deterrent to outside interference for a limited outlay of money.

Valuable lessons may be learned from post-war conflicts and from those now in progress in Europe and Asia, and the application of them to our domestic Defence problem will repay study.

Outstanding is the great effectiveness in stopping power of infantry, even partially trained, but well supplied with machine and anti-tank guns. High morale is still the dominant factor, but even the most courageous troops cannot be expected to stand unarmed before an enemy. Masses of highly equipped and trained soldiers have, time and time again, been thrown back by forces determined to defend their territory and possessing the means to do so, *e.g.*, sufficient small arms and machine guns. Frontal attack in the face of machine-gun fire can be a most expensive operation, and without large reserves may reduce an enemy to a condition of stalemate. Tanks can be put out of action wholesale, due to improvements in the light anti-tank weapon, and the tank is no longer the powerful offensive machine it was considered to be up to quite recently. Aircraft has an effectiveness mainly when used against the civilian population ; but it is not all-powerful or impregnable, due to great improvement in anti-aircraft guns and pursuit tactics.

The early stages of a conflict wherein an unprepared people are attacked by a trained enemy may go heavily against the defenders, but if their morale is high and there is a nucleus of trained experts to direct tactics and supply units for military technicalities the attackers can be delayed, stopped, and if there is equipment available and time to organise the resisting national elements, even finally defeated.

All our conclusions to be drawn from the foregoing indicate the necessity for creating a highly-trained military nucleus capable of forming the cadres of a quickly organised second line and possessing the essential type of equipment with the experts to handle it.

The immediate and most pressing requirements for our home defence are the acquisition of ample supplies of small-arm ammunition, pending the construction of the intended munitions factory, and the purchase for the army of a sufficiency of light machine guns of the Bren type. Anti-tank equipment is an absolute necessity. Some increase in the artillery, air and air-defence arms is also desirable. The proven and indispensable equipment for any defence force to-day is a sufficient apportioning of light machine guns plus anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons. The present light rapid-firing weapon of the army is the Lewis. It is cumbersome for a light gun and not nearly as effective as the Bren, and as it has now been scrapped by the

British army, it will be difficult to get replacements for it. It is true that our army authorities adopted the Bren gun some considerable time back, even before the British did, but the manufacturers were so busy turning out for the European armies that our small State had its insignificant order cancelled. It may be of some satisfaction to know that Portugal's, or rather Franco's, order was cancelled also, at a later date, but for other reasons. The next best might now be the best under the circumstances if the Bren cannot be secured.

The standing army plus its reserve forms our first line of defence ; but as it would be too small even if it gets the necessary increase to its present strength, the planning and organisation of a second line is all important. The Volunteer Force, which was designed for this purpose is, unfortunately, not a success ; on the contrary, it shows every sign of proving an expensive failure. The idea seemed an excellent one when it was conceived by the present Minister for Defence, but the hopes placed in the force have not been justified. The national guard system lends itself best to large centres of population, but, for obvious reasons, it is difficult to work throughout the small towns and countryside. Its re-organisation should, under any new scheme, be confined to the cities.

The Defence department is reputed to have reserves of small arms (rifles in fair condition) up to 50,000. There are throughout the country many thousands of men who, as a result of the Anglo-Irish and Civil wars, have knowledge of their use and manipulation, and who can be depended on to respond to a call in a national emergency. This potential auxiliary should not be discounted in calculating all the elements that can be aligned for national defence. Without a re-organised volunteer force that can be augmented in time of emergency by national and youth organisations, the only alternative is conscription, as a force of 60,000 would be required to effectively deter interference.

With a view to future eventualities it would be most desirable to have the system of army commands as widely spread as possible, with a command centre on the Shannon as well as in the South. Armament reserves should be diffused through all sufficiently garrisoned posts with main arsenals at the respective command headquarters and not retained in a central arsenal in the capital ; the reason for this is obvious. Attention should be given to the old divisional system of command areas as the causes that led to their formation were not haphazard or accidental, but arose out of military necessity.

The formulation of Defence Policy needs a new orientation. The present command system had its genesis in the Civil War, and is organised to deal with an internal enemy. The conditions that obtained at the end of the Civil War do not obtain now. Internal dissension has been largely eradicated, and the very thought of civil conflict is most obnoxious to the great body of citizens, who were bitterly arrayed against each other a decade back. Our first line of defence is now the coast. Defence policy and military deployment should be governed accordingly. Finally, it should be on lines that would allow for the assimilation and direction of all the volunteer national elements that can be counted on and their speedy organisation into a combatant weapon.

No nation has power to improve its position, to correct economic abuses, or to fabricate a social order best fitted to the needs of its people as long as its affairs can be directed and dominated by another country. Its interests will be held subservient to those of its conqueror. Hence the prolonged struggle for political liberty as the first essential for advancement. Our growth will, in the first instance, depend on our ability to maintain and protect a government having full power to legislate its own affairs. Having achieved this we are free to tackle those fundamental social problems the solution of which all true men hunger after. If we fail to measure up to this task our decline is determined—but we need to be secure to do so.

GEORGE LENNON

THE CHURCH AND NINETY-EIGHT

By FRANK MacDERMOT

IN an interesting article in the December number of *IRELAND TO-DAY* Mr. Edward Sheehy exhorts us not to read history backwards. To one reader, at least, he seems to commit that very error in his remarks on the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the United Irish Movement and the Rebellion of 1798.

That the Vatican and the Irish bishops and senior clergy were hostile to the rebellion is, of course, beyond doubt ; but it is difficult for anyone familiar with the history of the period to blame them for this or to be in any way surprised by it. The French Revolution had hardly gone beyond its earliest stages when it became not only anti-clerical but anti-Christian. The Church in France was stripped of its property, its priests murdered in thousands, its temples desecrated, and such of them as were allowed to remain open, handed over to schismatic clergy. By degrees the new France conquered almost every country in Europe, making the inhabitants—by the rueful admission of Tom Paine—more miserable than they were before, and to each of them they brought the same spirit of enmity to religion. The Pope himself they insulted, robbed (even of his Fisherman's Ring), imprisoned and exiled. It was not until mob-law gave place to the personal despotism of Napoleon that religious liberty was allowed to exist, and, even then, it was qualified by a power of state interference that went beyond anything which Mr. Sheehy attacks the Irish Bishops (and, by inference, the Pope) for being willing to concede.

Is it reasonable to blame the Irish clergy for being unable to overlook all this in the interests of democracy and nationality, or for paying some heed to admonitions received from Rome ? If the revolutionary leaders in Ireland, while adopting some of the principles of the French Revolution, had reprobated others and had frankly condemned its excesses and cruelties, the Irish bishops might have felt inclined to put up to Rome a strong case for distinguishing the Irish democrats from those on the Continent, but, in fact, they brazenly denied that such crimes were occurring or, when in private they admitted them, they too often did so with sympathy and approval.

The steady friends of the Irish Catholics, at the risk of their own popularity, influence and seats in Parliament, had been

Edmund Burke in England and Grattan in Ireland, whom Mr. Sheehy would dismiss as representative of everything reactionary and "colonial." That Burke had a fantastic and mystical reverence for the British constitution as established in 1688 cannot be denied, but for nearly thirty years before the appearance of Tone in politics, he had been writing and speaking with the utmost courage and consistency against the Penal Laws, as well as against the restrictions placed on Irish trade by the selfishness of English manufacturers. He had been eager for "the thing called a country" to be formed in Ireland, eager for Catholic education, eager for the rescue of the masses of the people from degradation and for the restoration of the Catholic gentry to leadership and influence. He defended the Irish priesthood against the attacks of their enemies, and maintained that they were generally "a very great service" to the country. As for Grattan, who represented the City of Dublin in the Irish Parliament and had to cope with the intensely bigoted Dublin Corporation, he resisted all efforts to shake his support of complete Catholic emancipation. It is true that he so far yielded to their prejudices as to argue that Catholic liberty was consistent with "Protestant ascendancy," but he maintained that that ascendancy must rest only on mental and moral qualities of leadership and not upon legal disabilities and inequalities. The Dublin Corporation rejoined with a definition of Protestant ascendancy (as they desired it), which is worthy of remembrance : "A Protestant King of Ireland ; a Protestant Parliament ; a Protestant Hierarchy ; Protestant Electors and Government ; the Benches of Justice, the Army and the Revenue, through all their branches and details, Protestant ; and this system supported by a connexion with the Protestant realm of England." To ascendancy of this type, and, indeed, to ascendancy in any true sense of the word, Grattan was utterly opposed. He had, moreover, proved his unselfishness in the matter by warning the Catholics against allowing their grievances to be made a party question and by refusing in any way to exploit them for the benefit of himself and his associates.

To Burke and Grattan the Irish Catholic clergy could hardly feel otherwise than grateful, and both of these men utterly detested Jacobinism. So far as Grattan was concerned, this was certainly not from any disbelief in liberty. He did, indeed, cherish the British connection, but only on the basis of the independence as a separate entity of the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland ; whether this can justly be called a "colonial" point-of-view is a matter of terminology which need

not detain us. But that in internal politics he stood for privilege against liberty and justice is not only untrue, but the reverse of the truth. No man laboured more consistently and sympathetically for the political and economic liberation of the masses of the people, for the welding of Ireland into a nation, for the removal of tithes, for the relief of the poor, for the revival of Irish industries. To brush him aside because of utterances critical of "democracy" is, indeed, to read history backwards, for what did democracy at that time connote? It stood for tumult, massacre, the tyranny of the mob, leading through anarchy to despotism. It was not without reason that the word provoked similar reactions in men's minds to those provoked by Communism to-day. Grattan worked constantly for parliamentary reform, but is he to be blamed for thinking that the process of political evolution must be gradual and that such measures as Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments went beyond what the country was fit for? Anyone who now reads Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" and Paine's "Rights of Man," will probably feel that, on paper, Paine has the best of the argument, but Burke's hostility to Jacobinism was justified by something more important than involved philosophical disquisitions—it was justified by the march of events in France, which he predicted with almost uncanny accuracy. The United Irishman, Hamilton Rowan, who fled to Paris in 1794, to escape the consequences of the Jackson conspiracy, and then went on to America, wrote home to his wife: "I own to you candidly, when it is of no avail, that my ideas of reform and of another word which begins with the same letter are very much altered by living for twelve months in France, and that I never wish to see either the one or the other procured by force. I have seen one faction rising over another and overturning it; each of them in their turn making a stalking horse of the supreme power of the people to cover public and private massacre and plunder, while every man of virtue and humanity shuddered and skulked in a disgraceful silence."

The decision whether or not to work for a revolution during the years 1795 to 1798 was not an easy one for any Irishman to make, and while the motives for discontent were far the greatest among the Catholics, the better informed in that body must also have felt the strongest dislike of association with the French and their admirers. It is indeed a striking testimony to the extent of ascendancy misrule that these objections did not have more effect. To represent the Church as having been the selfish supporter of tyranny against freedom is grossly unfair.

Men—even bishops—will naturally think first of the problems in which they have most responsibility. Tone stood for freedom in Ireland. Yet when he went to France, he praised to the skies the corrupt tyranny of the Directory, complained that they did not sufficiently stifle the liberty of the press, justified their imposing their own ideas of government upon the countries they conquered, shut his eyes to the absence of any system in France that deserved to be called representative, rejoiced, even to heartlessness, over the misfortunes of “that old priest” at the Vatican. He did all this because his whole being was concentrated on the liberation of Ireland, and his power to judge men and events elsewhere was distorted. If at a time when the Church was threatened all over Europe, its Pontiff and Bishops were better disposed towards the British Government than an Irish Nationalist would wish, the state of world affairs is surely a powerful justification. As early as 1791, Tone had sweepingly condemned the Irish priests as “men of low birth, low feelings, low habits, and no education.” Was it an easy thing for them to follow leaders who held them in such contempt and to forget, even amidst the suffering of the Catholic people of Ireland, the effects of revolution elsewhere upon all that they held sacred?

FRANK MACDERMOT

NEARER HOME

SHORT STORY By D. D. O'MAHONY

COMING down the Mall one morning in June, Patsy John made his great decision.

He was after hearing seven o'clock Mass at the Friary, and on his cheeks, flushed with the fervour of his devotions, the morning breeze played coolingly, and seemed to blow into his brain the grand idea.

"I'll go back meself," decided Patsy John aloud.

The daring of it took his breath away for a moment, and he leaned against the railing with his stick held like a lance at rest, then he went tap-tapping on, his plans swirling in his mind.

"I must be study now, I must be study," he repeated warningly to himself at intervals, and for the first time since he came to Cork, he entered his daughter's home with a cheerful heart.

He had hated the city from the moment of his arrival, hated the busy streets, and the even more nerve-racking quiet ones, whose treacherous gusts of traffic sent his old heart thumping against his ribs in terror. But most of all he hated the flat. "'Tis no way for a Christian to live," he used to say, "hangin' like a bird in a cage thirtyfour steps away from the ground."

When his only son married, Patsy John handed over the small holding to him, and came to Cork to live with a married daughter. It had been hard to coax him away from the place where he had spent his long life, but his sight was failing and they persuaded him that in the city something might be done to save it. Then the Doctor had delivered an ultimatum about his heart, and, as his daughter put it, "As long as he's on the farm he'll find something to be slaving at."

Sometimes, as Patsy John toiled up the thirtyfour steps, or was rushed across the road under the very wheels of motors, as it seemed to him, he would wonder at the stupidity of his children in thinking the complications of city life less exhausting than the simplicity of existence in the country.

He had come to the town in the first flush of summer just a year ago, and June breezes soiled with a hundred city odours, the woolly smell of tarred streets under an August sun, the reek of 'buses and of the low river, all filled his soul with an immense longing for home.

He knew no one. No one knew him. There were no neighbours in this queer place. The only outing he dared take alone was the little journey to the Friary, and that, only early in the morning when the streets were empty. His was the loneliness of great age ; he would have been lonely in Knockeen, but here he had not even the consolation of remembered things ; memories were alien, and his old mind too addled by his new surroundings to allow him the solace of retrospection.

Through those first months he looked forward to Winter, a thing he had never done before, but when it came he found it little better than the heat. The unsteady dropping of water from a broken chute on a wet day would drive him nearly mad with longing for the soft drip of rain through the bare branches of trees. Spring was only a twisting of the knife in the wound, even here the smell of growth was manifest, and he followed mentally the working of the farm, and enquired about the weather, as if his whole life depended upon its vagaries. But it was with the return of June that his desire became a determination.

Often he had mooted the subject of his return, often declared his intention of going back, but always there had been talk and more talk, advice and argument, and no result. But this morning Patsy's resolution was formulated. He would have no obstacles put in his way ; he was going back.

"Shure, Pat and his nice little wife will be only too glad to have me," he thought, as he climbed the stairs.

His daughter, Kitty, and her husband were at breakfast when he went in.

"'Tis a grand mornin', thanks be to God," said Patsy John.

"'Tis then," agreed Kitty. Something in her father's face attracted her, and she continued. "Faith an' 'tis you're lookin' bloomin' this morning. Isn't he, Owen?"

"Begor, he's lookin' well all right. But sure you wouldn't mind that, isn't it younger he's gettin' every day since he come!" Owen said kindly.

"Younger! Ah, wirra!" sighed Patsy John. "'Tis nearer home I'm gettin' every day. Glory be to God!"

The irony of the remark struck him as he uttered it, and he gave a little delighted chuckle.

"Well," said Owen, between bites, "there's nothin' like being cheerful about it. For the matter of that 'tis that way we're all goin'."

"That's the truth for yeh," said his wife comfortably. "'In the midst of life——,' as the priest said in the sermon on Sunday."

"Give us another cup of tay, an' don't mind yer sermons." Her husband cut her short.

Later, when she had sent the children off to school, Kitty put on her things and spoke to her father from the doorway.

"I'm going over to St. Peter's to ten o'clock, father. If the milkman comes take one bottle. I won't be back at once, I've to see about Johnnie's shoes. Good-bye, now."

"Good-bye, a inghean ó," said Patsy John.

When she had gone he rose from his chair by the window and drew back the curtain. A little draught came between the sashes. Out there somewhere was the 'bus that would carry him back to Knockeen. He swayed a little from side to side, and his sightless eyes closed as he tasted the first rapture of returning freedom. Then he straightened himself and, tap-tapping ahead with his stick, made his way to the bedroom he shared with his two little grandsons. He sat down and carefully withdrew from about his waist a string to which was attached a small bag. His fingers shaking with excitement, he opened it, and smoothed and reckoned the notes it contained, thanking God for the foresight that made him keep them. One, he put in his waistcoat pocket. Slowly, carefully he went on his knees beside the bed and poked underneath with his stick; he had put the little case in which he brought his belongings under here, but it was gone. A sob almost broke from him as he made the discovery. "If I had a little bag, now," he thought, and, as it sometimes did, the full bitterness of his infirmity swept over him. He sat on the bed to recover himself, propping his elbow on the pillow.

Suddenly an idea came to him and he loosened the pillow-case, and into it packed as many of his little belongings as he could lay hands on. Then he donned his frieze great-coat and left the flat, with no fears, no regrets, all lesser emotions destroyed in his passionate desire for home.

Out on the stairs the woman who lived in the flat above Kitty's passed him. He heard her coming, and flattened the pillow-case against the wall with his back.

"Good morning, Mr. Condon," said she, in the excessively cheerful tone some people consider necessary for conversation with the afflicted. "Going for a little stroll?"

"Good mornin,' Ma'am; yes, Ma'am," said he with a pitiful attempt at nonchalance.

The lady passed, and watched him with pursed-up lips as he pursued his course downstairs. But by the time she reached her own door, she had decided it was none of her business if her

neighbours made the poor old man take out the washing in that humiliating manner.

Patsy John hesitated on the side-walk, then he decided on bold action, and stopped the next pedestrian.

"Where would the 'bus office be, now?" he asked timidly.

"Bus office? First turn to the right, and straight on. Oh, sorry! I didn't notice——, take you there if you like."

His arm was taken in a reassuring fashion, and he was propelled towards his goal. Encouraged by so much success, he ventured another enquiry.

"Would you know when the Dungarvan bus would be goin'?"

"Well, no; but I can find out for you when we get there."

Then, after a few minutes: "Here we are! Just a tick, and I'll ask about the bus," and Patsy was left alone in his darkness.

Confused by the murmur of voices and hum of engines, he shrank back against the wall. What if Kitty came along now and saw him here? He turned his back to the street and pressed the bag to the wall in his agitation.

"Eleven o'clock," said a voice in his ear.

"Eleven o'clock," he repeated dazedly.

"Dungarvan bus goes at eleven," explained his guide.

Patsy clutched him. "What's the time now, a vic?"

"Quarter to."

"Shure I'm a throuble to you," said Patsy, holding on, "but how'll I know where to find it?"

"Sit here a while and I'll see about it."

He sat and could hear a little confab in progress near-by.

"Someone will come and put you in the bus. Do you understand? Is that O.K.?"

"God bless you!" said Patsy fervently.

Left alone he sat straight up, nursing the pillow on his knees like a child. A man came and sat next to him and rustled a newspaper. It seemed a long time since he sat down. If they forgot! His heart hammered with fright.

"Whass the time?" He shot the words into the ear of his neighbour with the force of a sudden jet of water.

The other swung round. "What——," he began, then halted. "Seven minutes to eleven."

An acid American voice floated over Patsy's shoulder.

"Waal, did you hear the way that ignoramus spoke to that cute old man? There's Ireland for you!"

Red began to creep up Patsy's forehead and under his collar: he wanted to hide. The Voice came nearer, she smelt sweeter than she sounded.

"Have you someone to look after you?"

His jaw, made prominent by loss of teeth, rose another half inch towards his nose as he drew in his lips with terror of this new menace.

The Voice seated herself beside him, and took his arm.

"Are you waiting for someone?"

"No, Ma'am; I'm only going to Dungarvan?" said he, as if it were his custom to run down there every morning.

"Waal, I guess I'll see you get in the right car," said the Voice.

Patsy John grunted.

A few minutes afterwards there was a movement among those waiting, and a hand fell on his arm.

"This way for Dungarvan, Mister."

"I guess there are a few Christians left in Ireland," said the Voice, disappointedly, as Patsy moved 'buswards with a light heart.

"I'm not so bad, not so bad at all, thank God!" He murmured, as he took his seat. But he was longing to be off; aching with terror lest someone who knew him should pass by and report his truancy to his daughter. So when the bus trembled and sounded its warning note, he leaned back with a satisfied sigh: he was going home.

Wrapped in his darkness, he sat in solitude as deep as may be found under the overhanging boughs of trees upon a moonless night. Out of his memory little incidents arose; not what might be accounted the important happenings of his long life—these stood like milestones in the desert of his recollection—but snapshots from the film of years that stretched between: the unrecorded, uneventful years that make up a man's life.—One of the children coming to him across a field with a can of tea, falling, and being comforted.—A corn field in June, with mustard, making it look like a yellow and green carpet thrown on the hillside.—The little farm seen in the eerie half-light of a January storm, when the wind tore across it, lashing the bending trees crouched like tormented, rheumatic old men.—His own surprise at the momentary stirring of pity he felt, that they, whose every branch and twig was heavy budded with all the unborn beauty of the Spring, should shrink so naked and forlorn before the anger of the wind. The thought had occupied no more than a second, yet now it came to sting his mind with such a force that even the lost sense responded: the noises of the lumbering bus were changed to the tumult of a long-spent storm, and he seemed to stand before Knockeen his eyes full of wonder

at the picture it had painted forty years ago.—This passed, and there was the cool sound of running water.—Summer rain whispering down upon a grateful earth at twilight—.

He stirred uneasily. A drop of perspiration gathered on his forehead, leaped to his cheek and trickled down, wandering among the wrinkles like a little rivulet on a stony road. The 'bus was terribly close, his heavy coat seemed to be pulling him down through warm, stifling water. His heart was beating to suffocation.

The next sensation he felt was a grateful breeze in his face.

"He's all right again," said someone.

He heard a murmuring of voices and then one voice detached itself from the rest ; it had the inquiring tone he was beginning to associate with opposition.

"Where are you going?"

"Dungarvan."

"I suppose you have someone to meet you?"

"Well, no, then, I wouldn't be expectin' any one."

"Will you have far to go?"

"I'll be gettin' out a few mile above the town, an' 'tis only a little bit up the road from the cross," he said, untruthfully, turning his face to the window and his shoulder to his interrogator. The movement of the bus was sickening.

The other part of the journey was a nightmare, but finally he was standing on the road, and the chariot that had brought him swept onward with a final rattle and a final insulting puff of exhaust into his face.

At first his only sensation was relief to be on solid ground again. He rested himself, leaning back against the ditch, and slowly the silence of the countryside returned as the noise of the bus grew fainter in the distance.

The grasses were high, the smell of growth and the freshness of the sea were over everything.

He drew great breaths of the air, and his hand intruded like a relic of Autumn among the little plants and ferns growing between the stones in the ditch. His heart was singing a Te Deum, though the facile tears of old age were dropping unchecked upon the lapels of his heavy frieze coat.

"Glory be to God!" said Patsy John.

When he rose his old bones protested against the jolting they had received on the journey, and he realised how very tired he was.

What if he were to die here by the side of the road like a

tinker? What if he never got to Knockeen at all? Would people say he was out of his mind? He was afraid.

Sitting down, he cogitated: he would hail the first passing car and ask a lift. He listened hopefully for a moment, then he picked up the pillow, which seemed heavier than at first, and slowly mounted the hill. Now and again he would pause to take a little rest, or lift his old blank face to the gentle breeze that was blowing in from the sea, and on his lips like an aspiration was the name of his home: "Knockeen, ah, Knockeen!"

He had not gone far when the leisurely sound of a walking horse was borne to him. Clip-clop, clip-clop.

He waited till he judged the car to be in sight.

"Hi, hi," he called, swinging the pillow like an awkward censer.

The horse came nearer and halted. An interrogative sound floated to his ears.

"'Tis a bit of a lift I want," he began.

"Gowing far?" asked the man, in an accent that made Patsy shudder.

"Gipsies or tinkers," he thought. "That's if ye're goin' my way, I mean," he said, hesitantly.

The man called out, and a woman's voice answered. Patsy's arm was taken, he was led along.

"Sit up on the back," said the man, and Patsy sat up, his mind filled with memories of tinkers' carts he had seen with their loads of ragged children and dirty women.

"'Tis a quare way for me to be ridin' at the end of me days," he thought.

A woman slid down from the front of the cart and spoke in his ear.

"Let me tell your fortune. Cross the gipsies' hand with silver——."

"My fortune is told, woman." His mind lingered on the phrase, and he repeated it sadly. "Ah, wirra, my fortune is told!"

The woman was quiet for a while, and then began again.

"I have lovely lace,—or baskets, for your wife or daughter."

He remembered his son's wife, and his fingers found a coin in his pocket.

"Give me something for a girl, then. Some little fal-dal,—and don't cheat a poor blind man or you won't have luck."

"Wait," he heard her rummaging. "Here is the very thing, beautiful, beautiful!"

"What is it, a gile?"

"Lace, lovely lace. Your daughter will be happy. Feel."

His hand touched it tolerantly, and he opened the pillow-case and laid it on top.

He could hear the woman crooning to a baby. They did not speak again.

They let him down at the end of the breen, and he thanked them courteously, hoping in his heart he hadn't been seen with them.

When the carts had rattled off, he took a step up the soft, dusty surface of the lane, and a great wave of exultation swept over him, leaving him leaning weakly against the ditch.

"How easy, to come home! How simple!" he thought.

"'Tis only for the grave I'll leave yeh now, Knockeen," he exulted. "Only for the grave!"

Somewhere about here there were sally trees inside the ditch. He put down the bag and stretched his arm in. He could feel them. It was as good as the sight of his eyes to be here where everything was familiar.

Drunk with excitement and delight, he hurried on. Ah, he was there! His hand fell on the gate and a dog barked inside.

He must be patient now, maybe the dog might be cross. He rattled the gate again, and heard steps from the kitchen. "That would be Mary, Pat's wife. 'Tis like he's out in the fields himself," he thought.

He heard her speak to the dog and he opened the gate.

"Mary," he called. "Mary," and stood expecting to feel her hand on his arm.

There was no reply but the suspicious growl of the dog. Maybe the girl didn't recognise him. He stepped up the soft, dung-strewn yard to the kitchen.

"God save ye," he greeted.

"God save ye kindly," she replied.

"Is it how you don't know me?"

"I do not then."

He leaned upon the stick. "I'm Patsy John Condon."

"Oh," non-committally. "Come in,—come on in and rest yourself."

Her hand guided him. His elation had passed and he felt very weary.

She sensed it and fussed over him a little, kindly.

"Sit down there, sir, I'll get you a drink of buttermilk while the kettle's boilin'."

She was across to the dairy and back with a quick step, and as he sipped the cool drink he heard the familiar whirr of the

wheel and the spurt of the fire in response. Before he had time to speak she continued : " Himself is out, he'll be in to his dinner soon."

Patsy nodded. The milk was refreshing, it was good to be sitting down, and her voice was pleasant.

" 'Twas how she was shy at first," he thought.

A feeling of peace stole over him as the wheel slowed down and stopped.

" An' how is Pat, Mr. Condon? "

" Pat? " he repeated.

" Your son, Pat? "

He rose suddenly, overturning the chair, and the mug from which he was drinking went to the floor with a great rattle.

" Where am I? " he thundered.

" In Knockeen." Her voice was terrified.

" And where is my son? "

" Where would he be but in Dungarvan, in the shop I suppose."

" The shop? What shop? " His voice was thick.

" The shop he set up when he sold this place to us. I do hear he have a great trade."

His back was to the table and he just seemed to slide on to the floor, dragging the pillow-case with him.

A length of cheap lace spilled out of the bag, impeding her as she ran screaming from the kitchen. Her voice came faintly back as she called her husband, frantically. The kettle spluttered on the hook, and a beam of sunlight touched Patsy's head like a good wish.

D. D. O'MAHONY

THE LISMORE ROAD

Where the mountain road bears down
All its secrets to the town,
Under pines a cottage square
Kneels as if it knelt in prayer.

Sometimes carters slacken rein :
Sometimes exiles come again :
Or a pilgrim you will see
On the way to Mellary.

Sometimes County Council men
Patch the road along the glen,
Lest it fall into the mad
Agate-hearted Owenashad.

All of them can smell the sweet
Breath of forest, stream and peat.
All of them in their degrees
Pass that cottage on its knees.

TEMPLE LANE

ALLEGED CRUELTY

And habit will coffin us all.
The wonder is that we are still alive
When at every party and in every street,
We meet, passing, the same four or five
Hundred that the years and chance
Have forced together ; we exchange
Smiles. And ignore the glance
From under the hat of the lip-sticked girl.
Moments have carried us, harried us,
Torn us with longings
For something undefinable and wild,
The yacht clutched to the face of a child,
The untamed horse we have never felt under our knees,
The prizes won in shooting galleries.
A horse at a well-head, round and round,
Round in one track,
Carrying only years on his back,
Is the symbol of our life ; the changeless sound
Of an engine running.

I sit in the second seat from the end in the tram,
Pay my penny fare, eat my luch at one.
The wonder is that we go on living,
But then we must do what we have always done.

ART

LIMERICK AND OTHER MATTERS

THE dream of an Art Gallery for Limerick, which was hailed in these pages with, it is hoped, fitting enthusiasm a year ago, has materialised, though the announcement in the press that the collection was on view in the Savoy Theatre there was a trifle misleading. The pictures were only on view for three days, after which they were put into storage and they will not be permanently exhibited for a year or two, when premises will be provided in the projected new Municipal Buildings. The Freedom of the City, practically speaking, had to be conferred on IRELAND TO-DAY by two burghers of Limerick, Mr. Bernard and Mr. Johnson, the enthusiastic Treasurer and Secretary, respectively, of the Gallery Committee, but this was accomplished without any formality and the pictures were seen in their present quarters, with gratitude, but under certain disadvantages. There is a notable absence of red tape in Limerick, largely accountable for the rapid success of this undertaking, and there seems to be no reason why these pictures should not be exhibited temporarily in the City "Museum," where there is ample room and where they would be much safer. Even in terms of cash the collection is a valuable one, and many of the pictures are unglazed and some even unframed.

It would be difficult to overpraise the achievement of the Committee, or the contributory generosity of Irish artists. The pictures, about seventy in all, are mainly modern, but there are good examples of Barrett, Mulready, O'Connor, Osborne and other ancients, and there is a very proper leaning towards local artists and subjects. In fact, it is a thoroughly well-balanced nucleus for a splendid collection and will be of incalculable value to the city of Limerick.

Any exhaustive survey of these works must wait for better conditions. There is one outstanding exhibit, however, which justifies being singled out. This is Lavery's "Stars in Sunshine," a picture of two film stars under an orange awning, in a blaze of Californian sunlight, which has already been exhibited at the Academy here. As portraiture it is not important, though by all accounts lifelike; the figures are really notes in a landscape. And what a landscape! The canvas positively glows, revealing the master long eclipsed by the fashionable portrait painter.

Belfast has several landscapes of Lavery's French period. Good pictures never date, and the sober and subtle harmonies of these French pictures will be prized when later and more ephemeral phases of the artist's work are forgotten. What prompts one to label these pictures as "French" is that they share a certain quality with the work of a large group of French painters of the last century. It is hard to put one's finger on that common quality, but it seems to be largely a matter of restraint, of harmonies achieved by using a short range of both tone and colour, in a low key. Within these self-imposed limits the Frenchmen seem to have been able to reach a strength and intensity which other schools could only achieve by more violent contrasts.

In the course of his highly successful career as a portrait painter Sir John Lavery has never ceased to be an artist. He has always been able to make time to paint for the love of it, and out of some extraordinary reserve of energy has kept on producing, from time to time, either pure landscape or arrangements of figures which were only portraits in name. In these latter, for the most part interiors, he experimented with a wider range of colour, and, although the results were not always successful, it can now be seen that these rather garish experiments were necessary. Probably too in another period, which produced some interiors practically in black and white, or rather, grey and grey, the artist was seeking some subtlety which escapes the layman, as artists do. The sun of California would naturally terminate that series, and the present picture shows a combination of his early grasp of harmony with an unrestricted use of pure, bright pigments. There seems to be hardly a dark in the canvas. The range of tone is small, but the key is high. The technical difficulties in the use of such materials are enormous, and it is notorious that the results are often the reverse of bright. The old masters, with a very restricted palette, often managed, by cunning contrasts, to achieve more than their successors of to-day, but the paint in this picture sings. A lifetime of observation and technique have gone to make it, and it is a pity that Dublin has not some such lyrical example of this artist's work.

The Friends of the National Collections have not yet donated anything to Limerick. The Friends are a delicate subject. Their annual reunion last month afforded a good opportunity for stocktaking, since all their contributions were conveniently starred, and it is quite plain that the Friends are wholehearted supporters of every "modernist" movement in art. As these vary greatly, it is rather strange that the Friends are not wedded to any particular cult, but are ready to embrace them all, provided they belong to the subjective rather than the objective school, that is, so long as they are not capable of being judged by established standards.

The Enemies of the Collections would be a better title for this body, who, if their activities are not curbed, may eventually do real harm to public taste. Probably the rank and file have little or no interest in the alleged aims of the organisation and regard it as a social enterprise, and presumably the selection of the works to be purchased is left to a committee. By what principles are they guided in their deliberations? Mr. Dermot O'Brien, P.R.H.A., who is also President of the Friends, must be a member of the Committee. If Mr. O'Brien believes in subjective painting, in distortions and "abstractions," why does he not paint them? If he has a philosophy of art which these pictures do not outrage, why does he not apply it to his own work? Why does he continue to produce those charming, but quite understandable, pictures which are associated with his name? These are fair questions. The contention that "modernist" painting is a development of traditional art and that the same mind or eye can appreciate both may be rejected. Modernist art makes no such claim. It claims to be subjective, and all previous artistic expression,

European, Indian, Chinese, from paleolithic to post-impressionist, has been objective. The two are not on the same plane or in the same language. One cannot believe in both. If one is true the other is a sham.

The only satisfactory explanation of the activities of the Friends is that they have been gambling in futures. They have not, so far, picked a winner, a Modigliani or Derain, but possibly they entertain a hope that some at least of the incomprehensible rubbish which they are acquiring to-day may be hailed in twenty years' time as evidence of extraordinary prescience. "While the rest of the world was engrossed in Hobbs and Nobbs a body known as the Friends of the Irish Collections, with amazing vision and acumen, recognised the true worth of Gobbs and Slobbs, and snapped up some remarkable examples of their work, for a song." A delightful vision. Or perhaps it is that in the general collapse of standards they find themselves without any aesthetic faith, with nothing but a groping agnosticism, and feel that every step is a step in the dark.

It is a comfort to reflect that there is nothing irrevocable at stake. In twenty years' time all these donations may be quietly pushed into the cellars of Charlemont House by a generation restored to sanity, and none will drop a tear. Meantime, we must suffer them, and fortunate are they so unsophisticated as to escape their message. It is innocence which guides the Friends, or something equally forgivable, stupidity.

In these notes the failure of our Corporation to strike even a small rate for the purchase of pictures and sculpture for the Municipal Gallery was once deplored. God forbid that they ever should. There is a sub-committee of the Corporation already with some measure of control over the Municipal Gallery and there must be close co-operation between them and the Friends. By their fruits we may judge them. It may be taken for granted that for some time to come any body likely to be entrusted with public funds for the purchase of works of art will not differ radically from the Devil we know. That their power for evil should be increased out of the Common Purse is unthinkable.

JOHN DOWLING

HARRY KERNOFF: EXHIBITION

While Kernoff can with justice object to being grouped with the abstractionists, he cannot, however, be called a realist—not if he and I mean the same thing by realism. When he paints, say, a street scene, a canal bridge with trees, he does not paint those objects as I see them, nor as any human eye "sees" them. He may paint them as they "strike" him, to use a useful exoteric term, and he does succeed in conveying to me, the spectator, enough of that individual emotion eminently to justify the work. But this is not done by a method that can be described as realistic. In fact, he definitely eschews realism. He ignores the change perspective makes in the tone values of light. The three dimensional element is achieved through design. Behind their fresh naivete the painter is obviously delighting himself with the secondary creation in abstract forms, indulging in what Sean O'Meadhra would probably describe as a play on empathic relations.

(continued on page 65)

MUSIC

BALLET AND IRISH BALLET—II

I HAD meant to have finished with the consideration of Irish folk-dancing in last month's issue, but I have been asked to deal somewhat more fully with the subject, by some interested readers. Somewhat against my will, I have succumbed to these demands, for various reasons, and readers will understand that what follows is in the nature of a long parenthesis wedged by brute force into its present position.

I have already said that Irish folk-dancing, as we have it to-day, does not express, is not expressive, and a friend has written suggesting that while this may be true to-day, it was not always so, and that, under certain conditions, it is possible to express personality through the medium of this dancing. I give a summary of an experience in his own early youth.

It seems that in his own small village was a very good Irish dancer, whose abilities were a matter of pride to his neighbours—though this gentleman would probably find himself out of place in modern conditions, proving himself a perfect idiot, never "cashing-in" upon his accomplishments. These were devoted mainly to the entertainment of his own small clan, who discussed, argued and wrangled about his work, his choice of steps, his carriage, about any matter in his performance that might be material for debate. All this educated criticism was the cause of endless experiment and modification, and the result was that ultimately this man's dancing became, as it were, the expression of the value of his own people, and, since everything chosen had the dancer's own imprimatur, the expression of himself. This dancer was never the replica of any other dancer; he was always himself, which is what my correspondent means when he refers to the expression of personality through the medium of dancing.

Such expression is the very antithesis of the aims of present-day dancing schools, no attempt being made to assist the expression of that individual "strangeness" that is personality. (The resemblance between these schools and those other dispensers of that chronically indigestible fudge, called, jocularly, "Education," will be noticed). Each dancer resembles his fellow as closely as one politician's cranial vacuity resembles another's; these dancers are just a dreary series of technicians.

Why is it that schools must have dogma? Is it to cover up a lack of spiritual conviction? It seems to be one of the unwritten laws of all art-cycles that the technical processes adopted by one great artist to suit personal idiosyncrasies shall be transmuted into dogma by the schools to which his thought appeals, although the artist himself would be the last person in the world to claim infallibility in his choice of these processes. Dogma in art means petrification; and petrification for the sake of technical perfection is the shabbiest kind of personal surrender. It is bad for the artist—for instance, it is the tragedy of a musical genius like Busoni that, master of technical processes, he never achieved the expression of thoughts worthy of his executive abilities.

It is bad for the people, since, tiring of nothing so quickly as they do of mere technical virtuosity, they lay the blame for their boredom upon the medium, rather than upon an artist's use of it ; and so a fine thing dies. As I have said, the end of the pursuit of technique for its own sake is sterility. As Yeats has it :

"The fascination of what's difficult
Has dried the sap out of my veins, and rent
Spontaneous joy and natural content
Out of my heart."

To put the matter in another way, my protest is directed against the dull, dead monotony of uniformity that is creeping over Irish dancing, a palsy the existence of which seems to pass unnoticed by those who should be most aware of the danger. For instance, at many Feiseanna in the "border" counties I have seen the inroads made by Southern dancing in what should be the stronghold of Northern dancing. I am not saying that either type is better or worse than the other, but that those little traits which really exemplify differences in modes of thought, emotional reactions and such, are gradually disappearing. I like the Northern accent, but I would object to all Irishmen using it ; an Ireland full of Belfast accents might not be bearable. Adenoids and Dublin *do* go together. One hears and enjoys these things because they are separate and individual ; becoming uniformly used they would be horrors, or would pass unheard, unnoticed. And how much poorer we should be.

So, with Irish dancing ; every effort should be made to perpetuate individual traits, provincial, personal, what you will, if this Irish dancing of ours is not to degenerate into a mere Irish equivalent of tight-rope acrobatics.

I assure long suffering readers that I will put them out of their pain, metaphorically speaking, by returning to my "muttons" in the next issue.

EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAIIR

(*To be continued.*)

DUBLIN OPERATIC SOCIETY : WINTER SEASON

This Society has the odd habit of first doing its work and then if, as rarely happens, there is any spare time, doing, perhaps, a little talking, which is rather different to the prevailing habit of first doing the talking and then devoting any spare time to thinking of the possibility of beginning to do something. The importance of the Society's work merits a somewhat more extended notice than usual, since, one may say, the adequate presentation of Grand Opera in the Free State is now to be had solely from this Society.

One noticed improvements in every department of the recent productions. (I am not proposing here to evaluate the performances of the principal guest artists. This has already been done elsewhere). The chorus work was much in advance of anything yet given us by the Society, principally because of increased verve. Special praise must be given the male chorus, particularly for their work in Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment." This quality of fine nervous tenseness could be noted too in smaller ensembles—for instance, the

quintette in *Carmen*, Act II. The acting ability of the chorus is not yet commensurate with their musical performance ; if their acting ever equals their best singing in this season's productions—what a chorus we shall *have* ! Special praise, too, must be given the boys' choir in *Carmen* and *Bohème*. If the Dublin Operatic Society never does anything else, it has at least shown us the latent ability to be had here for the searching. These boys (from the O'Connell and from St. Peter's schools) handled their work like seasoned operatic veterans, taking up their orchestral cues as if they were cradled in Grand Opera, and singing with precision, accuracy and verve. They were a real pleasure, even their acting being adequate.

There were improvements all round in secondary parts—all filled by local artists ; older members of the Society showing, in improved performance, the benefit of past experience, newcomers showing us what promise they held of future achievement. (Here I would like to stress the important cultural and educational work carried on by this Society, without fee or reward. Public performances, important and pleasurable though they be, are but mile-stones upon this road.)

Miss Patricia Black was this season's *Carmen*—her performance being the best she has yet given us. I am afraid her *Carmen* suggests the possession of more "grey-matter" than had that blood-thirsty little tigress of Bizet's, whether for better or worse I could not be sure, having seen only the first performance. The casting of Miss Chrissie Manning for the Musetta in *Bohème* was a stroke of genius—the part might have been written with her in view. She positively vivified the second act, which is saying something for a first-night first appearance. Her Frasquita in *Carmen* was equally satisfactory. Miss Gertrude Costigan fulfilled earlier promise in a more suitable role than Mignon—she was the Marchesa of Donizetti's "Daughter." Musically she worthily held her place in exalted company, and her aristocratic starch was indubitably of the best quality—a very good performance. Mr. John Lynskey's Ortensio in the same opera was another satisfactory piece of casting. He sang extremely well, and that he saw his role of Italian servant through Abbey Theatre eyes, only added to our pleasure. We were truly grateful for his restraint.

Here, perhaps, it is right to comment upon the fine, serious musical approach to this opera. It is so often made a vehicle for a gross buffoonery that saps its vitality. One was glad to note the quality of the thought that lay behind the musical presentation ; glad to see, too, that the audience sensed the quality, showing their appreciation in their spontaneous applause for the overture. Throughout the production one sensed the overwhelming vitality of the early Italian tradition, out of which the opera sprang. It was unquestionably the best performance of the season. Mr. Arthur Hammond was the guest conductor. Owing to other commitments I was unable to hear the last performance of *Bohème*. I am assured on unquestionable authority that this performance was a worthy companion to the performance of *Daughter*. Dr. Vincent O'Brien was the guest conductor for *Bohème*.

The orchestra was the Irish Radio Orchestra. Their first two performances were disappointing ; but they made honourable amends in Donizetti, and in later performances proved themselves a decided acquisition to the presentations. One hopes that their services will be retained for future productions.

A new departure for the Society was the introduction of a one-act Ballet—*Fantasy*, with music by Mozart, choreography by Sara Payne. The soloists acquitted themselves admirably, though the maximum of precision was hardly acquired by the corps-de-ballet or by orchestra and stage. I must not be thought to be complaining when I say that I do not think pure classical ballet to be the best vehicle for educating a public that have but a nodding acquaintance with ballet technique. Simple and all as was the story underlying *Fantasy*, I am afraid that choreographic and ballet conventions got in the way of many people's understanding of the idea. (I am judging by many of the remarks I heard around me.) I would suggest that the realm of fantasy be eschewed for the present, that stories or ideas nearer our hearts be presented us, and that the medium be mid-European ballet—or if this latter, for various reasons, be not feasible, that modern ballet with its modifications of classical severity should be the vehicle. The ballet presented was most enjoyable, and delicately played Mozart from the orchestra, under Mr. Hammond, added to the pleasure.

The Society's producer was Mr. Sydney Russell. Production, costumes and lighting were excellent throughout.

E. O G.

SYMPHONY CONCERT, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CORK

THE Symphony Concerts by the University Orchestra, now regularly held at University College, Cork, and relayed by Radio Athlone, have set a new standard for provincial music in Ireland, and may act as a stimulus even to the capital. These concerts are a credit to the University, to the Art Society, under whose auspices they are run, and to the Orchestra and its conductor, Prof. Aloys Fleischmann, the young professor of Music at U.C.C. They show the lines on which true art-music must develop, if that much-discussed musical renaissance is ever to come, or if music here is to be brought into line with the other arts. One of the promising signs in this direction is the attention given by the Cork University Orchestra to works of new Irish composers.

If there be a doubt as to Ireland's remoteness from the musical heritage of the Continent, just conceive an Irish schoolmaster spontaneously producing the *Unfinished Symphony in B Minor*, with which the concert on December 3rd last opened. The deep, brooding emotion throughout the first movement of this undying symphony, its rise in hope and fall to grim despair, were brought out by the orchestra with true sensitiveness and finish. The Andante, perhaps, was not quite on the same level, but the warmth of the string tone and the Schubertian grace of treatment compensated for some unevenness in the general texture. In the song-group which followed, Mr. Bruce Flegg (Tenor), accompanied with delicate light and shade by the orchestra, sustained the

high romantic chivalry, the noble gait of Handel's *Where'er You Walk*, as also the haunting lilt of Arne's *Now Phoebus Sinketh*—once more, indeed, inspiring a longing for that tradition which Ireland missed and which Elizabethan England gained.

Beethoven's third Piano Concerto is a severe test on any pianist, but Mr. James Roche, still in his teens, showed astonishing maturity in his grasp of the dramatic as well as the lyrical elements of this Concerto. Mr. Roche, who has studied in Cork under Frau Fleischmann, played wholly from memory, and both he and the orchestra entered with zest into the spirit of the work, sharing the honours equally in the exquisite tranquillity of the Largo, as in the thunder and lightning of the Rondo Finale. One might expect great things of this young pianist.

The first performance of a *Suite of Irish Airs*, arranged by Mr. Frederick May and dedicated to the Orchestra, proved an intriguing novelty. A dozen Irish tunes, delicately orchestrated, were grouped in movements, but otherwise left to speak for themselves. This form of composition may, indeed, be open to doubt, falling as it does between two stools, but the setting, at times piquantly modern, was not un-Gaelic—as are so many arrangements of our Irish tunes with their modish harmonies. Some movements did not bear the repeats too well, but, as a whole, the work gave promise of what they future may bring (think, *e.g.*, of Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsodies* or Dvorak's *Slavonic Dances*).

In a further group, including songs by Quilter, Gibbs and Vaughan Williams, Mr. Flegg, skilfully accompanied by Miss Pyne, put us on grateful terms with the natural romanticism of the modern English song. The programme ended with Debussy's *Petite Suite*, four lovely *morçeaux* of French impressionism—*En Bateau*, *Cortège*, *Minuet*, *Ballet*—scored from the original Debussy version for two pianos by Henri Büsser. The Suite was badly placed; the programme was too long, and a less evasive work would have made a happier ending. But Büsser's scoring reacted beautifully to the fleeting, jewel-like quality of the original, and in the delicate poise of its playing the orchestra here occasionally reached the most inspired moments of the night.

Prof. Fleischmann's conductorship of the whole performance was instinct with sound knowledge—that handmaid of all true art. Let us hope that the Art Society will continue its good work in sponsoring these programmes.

PATRICK MCSWINEY

THEATRE

ABBEY—(Producer, Hugh Hunt ; designer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch). Here the only first production (apart from revivals of Geo. Sheil's *Cartney and Kevney*, where Cyril Cusack starred, Lennox Robinson's *The Whiteheaded Boy*, and Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*, all of which I was unable to attend) was of *Coggerers*, a short curtain-raiser by Paul V. Carroll, author of *Shadow and Substance* (in which Sara Allgood will soon appear in New York with Sir Cedric Hardwicke). The "coggerers," I discovered, were five statues of Irish rebel leaders, standing in the vestibule of a Dublin library, who were in the habit of chatting with one another and with the old charlady, Mrs. Galgooley, and whose veiled hinting she calls "coggering" (a new one on me). This fantasy (a less debatable term than "play") is a very neat little allegory of the Dublin of the Rising, personified in Mrs. Galgooley, a new variation on the Sean Bhean Vocht ; Josephine Fitzgerald's handling of this unusual part was a delight to study—her charlady summed up Dublin's outlook, her "towniness," her homely frowsiness, her unexpected dignities, her poorly restrained love of a lark ; when mourning over her son, who has come in, mortally wounded in the Rising, her numbness, her sense of simple resignation, were beautifully conveyed even in her slow turn to the door at the end. The statues, who were given fine, crisp dialogue, every line modelling each character, were very well played and, if I mention Frank Carney's Wolfe Tone specially, it is because such a type appeals to me most and because the player's characterisation was admirably complete, granting that the part was most developed in the writing. A new recruit, W. T. O'Connor, played the young son with a natural over-anxiety that spoiled good work with hardness of tone and rather stiff movement. Production, staging, and lighting were alike very good, and since the play really calls for expressionistic treatment, which would probably kill poor Mrs. Galgooley, the compromise adopted saved the play from its own confusion of treatment.

GATE—(Producer, Hilton Edwards ; designer, Michael Mac Liammhoir). Gordon Daviot's *Richard of Bordeaux*, in which Micheal Mac Liammhoir played the name part, is too slight a play even in developing Richard himself to merit much attention, apart from realistic approach, often incisive dialogue and a last scene in which the pathos stop, always good theatre, is well played on. The producer and designer both got every ounce of effect from the play ; the costumes especially being delightfully elaborate, the sets once or twice unnecessarily so, especially in painted detail. (Similar remarks apply to *Hamlet*, the latest production here). Scenes I 3, II 3, and II 4, were excellently produced and acted by all concerned. Richard was very well played by Mac Liammhoir, his only fault (apparent again in *Hamlet*) being utterly mechanical "runs" of lines. But he achieved a real dignity and a consistent development and sense of maturing strength, while genuine feeling was conveyed in Scenes I 5 and III 2, 3. The other players were in general very good ; Meriel Moore's charmingly roguish and direct Anne of Bohemia being outstanding for consistent handling ; Roy Irving's Robert was hardly debonair enough, but otherwise very good ; John Stephenson was off form as Gloucester, tending to heavy delivery and stock movements and gestures, a rare fault with him ; as a result, C. L. Keogh's Lancaster overshadowed him, nicely blended suavity and feeling being very pleasantly rendered. Anthony Trimen's Montague revealed improvement in voice and movement, though still too stolid, a fault only occasionally overcome later as Guildenstern in *Hamlet*. Of *Hamlet*, a

technically brilliant, single-track portrayal, one could, as has been done, rhapsodise on technique, the pointing, the business, the assured adoption of a Hamlet more cynical and vengeful than is usually seen ; this being supported by using some of Prof. Dover Wilson's suggestions, *e.g.*, that Hamlet overhears Polonius listening while he talks with Ophelia, this explaining Hamlet's reaction against her and his coarseness while "mad." This Hamlet was never mad, that was stressed always, and the result, in my opinion, was to over-rationalise the tragedy into conventional melodrama of revenge. As a result, one failed to get that sense of frustration, of groping for the truth, that hesitation due to knowing and thinking too much of both sides of everything that has always been the essence of Hamlet—the soliloquies and the scene of the King at prayer reveal this clearly, for instance. Yet in spite of the rationalisation, the tension did not build up as it should and, in fact, the tempo of the whole production was very jerky, each scene cut off from the others, yet with good team work in itself. The setting adopted contributed to this, I think, in spite of its permanent elements—a central pillar backstage carrying diagonal traverses running to the proscenium sides with a rostrum running across behind its base—this provided instantaneous scene change, but the moving curtains and over-detailed backcloth were restless in effect ; besides, the central division produced a lopsided stage very often, and the Player scene, done in Interlude style before the traverses, was hampered by the crowded stage ; the setting was certainly an interesting experiment and its effect could hardly be anticipated—that visible scene changing should break the rhythm of the play.

But this and excellent costumes are only side issues compared to the acting. After Richard I had expected a fine Hamlet, remembering, too, the fine acting of Mac Liammhoir's first portrayal. I was sadly disappointed. This is a part that needs the right mind to fill it out, to suffer in it ; this Hamlet may have suffered but, if so, he was very modern in that his whole aim seemed to be to make others pay for his own misery, which is the reverse of the Hamlet I have known—"let me be cruel, not unnatural"—in fact, this was a very Freudian Hamlet. His technique did no more than interest me—pointing, business, lovely voice-tones and all, nor is there a moment I can dwell on in recollection—a sure test of not being moved. Efficiency, rather cold efficiency, was the keynote of this production, and only Lionel Dymoke's Gravedigger, Roy Irving's Laertes, and Meriel Moore's Ophelia, succeeded in conveying feeling and humanity, which they all three did in their best, most beautifully handled work yet. Ophelia's mad scene was perfectly produced and played. A quite complete version was given, with some ingenious cutting and transfer of lines ; had Fortinbras' entry at the end been cut too an anticlimax would have been avoided, these lines serving merely to clear the bodies from the old curtainless apron stage of Shakespeare's day. Even an Elizabethan imagination could not have held Hamlet dead if he were to rise and walk off at the last line !

COMHAR—*Laom Luisne Fomhair*, translated in fine style by Micheal Ó Siochfhradha, from T. C. Murray's *Autumn Fires*, done by the Keating Branch, Gaelic League, was the best show this group has done for the last two years or more. It was a really good show, in spite of the producer's having to take over Owen Keegan at the last moment—perhaps his independence of the lines gave more freedom to his energies ! It was a fine performance by Seán Ó Conchubhair, above all in the vital factor of *feeling*—this Owen did blunder and suffer and *live* ; make-up and movement were rather too young perhaps, and there were occasional obvious lapses from actor to producer when others failed to play up ; but one is thankful for fine work. The rest of the caste all

gave very competent but rather dutiful performances, marred by occasional prettinesses, rigidities of body and "edgy" tone, prevailing faults in all Comhar shows.

The latest show, of new one-act plays, was very uneven in quality, due primarily to lack of preparation and of control in playing. Annraoi Ó Saidleir's *Oidhche sa Tabhairne*, a very thin, sentimental comedy, was saved by Gearóid Ó Lochlainn's Mici an Amadán (Mickey the Fool), a superb piece of work in every detail, and built up from the slightest of foundations. The chief feature of this play was that the characters burst into song without either warning or provocation—carried a bit further, we'd have had a miniature *opera bouffe*, which I hope to see develop some day. Seán Ó Siothchain's singing and teamwork were alike excellent. *An Luc Tuaithe*, a rather confused satire on humanity in the guise of cats and mice, by Séumas Ó hAodha, was very ragged and dragged badly, with some odd moments from Seán Ó Conchubhair (producer of both these plays), Seán Ó Siothchain, Gearóid Ó Lochlainn and Tomás Ó Fiannachta. Seán Ó Conchubhair's own play, *Taidhreamh*, produced and designed by myself, was a little fantasy in lovely Irish, that could be really moving with sensitive teamwork and characterisation—in spite of being "talky," a defect I tried to overcome by introducing maximum movement and a special lighting effect. Very slow playing and cue-taking and lack of flow between players made it drag terribly, and while rather "unusual," it failed altogether, I feel, to achieve the possibilities of the text or even of rehearsals. More attention to prompting, lighting cues and posing would all have helped. At any rate, I feel that only Seumas Ó Tuama deserves mention for really lovely rendering of his lines; Niamh Nic Gheairailt's own rendering being too strident and melodramatic for my taste, and Seán Ó Conchubhair's quite lifeless.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

(A further instalment of THEATRECRAFT has been held over owing to pressure on space)

ART—continued from page 57

His recent exhibition at Mill's Hall, apparently unambitious, contains a high proportion of very fine work. Kernoff gets a feeling of Dublin at its best in some of his water colours. There is a certain uncompromising realism in his attitude to life, which is aided by a non-realistic technique. I liked so many of these pictures that any selection for mention must leave too many regretted omissions; the wide range of subject adds to the difficulty. However, *The Railway Station*, *Late Whiskey Row*, *Ringsend*, *Roof Angles at Howth*, *Euston at Night*, indicate an average which is remarkably high.

E. S.

FILM

SEASONAL CHECK UP

DURING the past few months a varied bunch of films has come within the scope of review. If for nothing else we can be at least grateful for variety, and yet we are still found asking for more. If to be provincial were bliss, surely Dublin would never stoop to the folly of recognising that the continent of Europe was not a barren island off Ireland's coast.

Easily the film which hit the common denominator, between good work and popular success, was Metro-Goldwyn's "Libelled Lady," directed by Jack Conway, and shown at the Stephen's Green Cinema. Here was the apotheosis of the best achievement of Hollywood, beautifully played by Tracey, Powell, Loy and Harlow, in superb style and tempo. Only America could have produced this film, all chromium suavity with the bite of steel. At the same cinema the heavy, pretentious Korda opera proved a disappointment. Pictorialism is the bane of the film, as is the mere photography of history. The obvious thing about "Fire Over England" was that it lacked fire. Much matter and little spirit. There was nothing in the film good enough to wish the memory of the film restored. A parade of stage stars against sets designed to present the spacious days of Good King Korda rather than the glory of the Virgin Queen. It was interesting to compare the realisation of Lazare Meerson's sets for this film with his sets for Feyder's "Knight Without Armour." There is photography and photography. There is feeling for pictures and feeling for pictures in motion. Impact and flow. Feyder is, and has always been, one of the most interesting figures in the cinema. "Atlantis" to "Therese Raquin" and "The Kiss" to "Kermesse Heroique," are two periods of great achievement. So even in a mediocre Korda world he can still bring vitality and beauty in a way that eludes the critical probing. "Knight Without Armour" had a pleasant effect on at least one member of its audience. Nothing distinguished or in the first class of films, it yet held the spirit of its maker and introduced us to a landscape that was strange and desolate and lyrical and that might be Russia. Dietrich is now a legend of Cinema, and lent her other-worldly beauty excellently to the spirit of the story. Space denies a lingering on moments of this film, but one felt Stenka Rasin away at the background of it all. The film held something of the poetry of creation.

"Well, they were wiser than you and I. To die when you are young and untouched, that's beggary to a miser of years, but the devils locked in synod shake and are daunted when men set their lives at hazard for the heart's love, and lose"

But no, "Winterset" must be counted a failure, not by actual standards, but in relation to the mad passion of the play, which the actors proved their inability to handle. Even Maurice Moscovitch as Esdras was a sentimental figure, lacking real depths or tragical vision. Burgess Meredith and Margo raise one's doubts as to the standards of the American stage. Both were terribly limited

in mimic and vocal technique. Eduardo Cianelli's Trock did approach requirements, and a fleeting moment was achieved by the actor who plays the small part of the Hobo. The directorial handling was mere uninspired studio competence. Those who did not read the play will have enjoyed the film, which, certainly, was an innovation in theme if nothing else. At the same cinema, The Capitol, "Parnell" was a very lugubrious piece of history. Gable's hero, unbearded and uncrowned, was, on consideration, not a bad job. Sincere handling of his speeches left little to be desired, except, perhaps, that in the later scenes he failed to suggest the broken spirit struggling against a frail body. Myrna Loy can always be depended upon for a competent performance, and it is interesting to bear in mind the development of the art of such players with the passage of time. Joan Crawford is another example of one who was rather unpromising and merely glamorous at the start, but who is now a very good player. Perhaps it is due to the teamwork of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

The revival of Denis Johnston's "Guests of the Nation" by the Film Society was a welcome occasion. This is a really moving film, produced with sincerity and economy, and a triumph of the elimination of the unnecessary. The photography by three Dublin cameramen, Harold Douglas, John Manning, and Michael Farrell, is quite remarkable in quality, and the players, Barry Fitzgerald, Fred Johnston, Shelah Richards, Hilton Edwards, as well as Toolan and Maher, who play the leading parts with Fitzgerald and another player, who is no less distinguished, are all superb. The last reel of this film is most poignant in its suggested implications. The membership of the Film Society is increasing rapidly, and a reduced subscription for the remainder of the season is announced. At the December meeting the Czech sound film, "Hey Rup," was shown. Directed by Mac Fric, it exploits the satiric flair of the comedians Voskovec and Werich from the Free Theatre, Prague. Beautifully photographed and typically Czech, particularly in lighting and tempo of playing, it had many moments of fine cinema. The plot, which is reminiscent of Clair's "A Nous la Liberte," deals with unemployment and co-operativism. Elton's "Housing Problems," also shown to the Society, was a disappointment. It had all over it the marks of Left utilitarian-humanitarian bias, of which we often find traces in the parappings of some of our so-called Catholic Action. Both are facets of the same mentality. The so-called Realist Film Unit will have to realize plenty before they achieve anything worth while. I recall "Voice of Britain" and "Night Mail."

In the realm of shorts the beautiful "Grey Seal" film by John Mathias, conveyed in well-constructed sequence the magic of sea and seal against the rugged islands of Scotland. George Pal's "Phillips Broadcast," showed the ingenuity and artistry of this purveyor of advertisement as entertainment.

The sea, again, is dominant in Victor Fleming's fine realization of "Captains Courageous," full of the true stuff of cinema, well acted by Lionel Barrymore, Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracey and Melvyn Douglas, photographed

by Hal Rosson and scripted by Marc Connelly. Equally good was the Paderewski film, "Moonlight Sonata," with Marie Tempest. The recording, especially when reproduced on the Stephen's Green amplifiers, held every shade and nuance of the great artist's piano tone. A pleasant atmosphere was created by the sets of Laurence Irving, photographed by Jan Stallich. "The Road Back" is a courageous piece of work, and is consistent and moving in its return to the revelation of war's blindness and stupidity. The new year should be worth something to the cinema-goer. "The Good Earth," "The Edge of the World," "Emile Zola," "Dead End," "Marie Walewska," and "Blarney," have excellent reports preceding them. But when will Dublin turn to the East and see the films that are engaging the attention of the European capitals—"Carnet de Bal," "Squadron Bianco," "The New Gulliver," "Die Herrscher," and "Le Roman d'un Tricheur."

LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CITIZEN IN INDUSTRY

SIR,

Mr. Eric Gill is astounded that Mr. E. M. McGuire apparently fails to appreciate the fact that "the real object of business is to make things—not merely to make money!"

I suggest, however, that the average reader will be still more surprised to hear that any such idealistic theory as the foregoing takes form in an industrialist's mind.

To honestly place production before profit is surely to put the cart before the horse, where high, low, or merely medium, finance is concerned. Your manufacturer is interested in output rate solely when judged on its cash value. Output speed may, or may not, be valuable, and he adjusts the throttle accordingly.

Mr. McGuire deals with life as it actually exists. Until one changes human nature, by relieving mankind from the tragic fight for economic survival in a world which still remains fundamentally selfish, and self-centred, one cannot hope to make the average human being interested in *manufacture and distribution* as opposed to *profit-taking*.

Yours faithfully,

R. HUMPHREYS, B.L.

SWIFT AND IRELAND

SIR,

Professor Corkery is curious to know how the legend of Swift as a great Irishman began. A simpler explanation than any he would seek occurs to me. In the 18th and even in the 19th century, Ireland was still, odd as it may appear in these democratic days, happy to lay claim to a man of universal genius, where she had a pretext—and she had a pretext in the case of Swift. The question now to be debated is apparently, whether Swift was "good enough" for Ireland; formerly if a doubt existed it was whether Ireland was "good enough" for Swift: a finer national attitude, I venture to assert.

As an example of national-socialist megalomania, the notion that our hope of a modern "live book" on Swift depends upon someone, who wears a pair of Gaelic ready-made spectacles, taking up the question of the "Drapier's" relation to the realities of Irish life in 1700 seems difficult to surpass.

Must Ireland, as Goethe complained, always pull down her noble stags? I am thinking also of a derogatory reference to Grattan in another part of your magazine.

Yours truly,

J. M. HONE

DEAR SIR,

In his very generous and impartial tribute to my *The Dead March Past* in the November issue of IRELAND TO-DAY, Mr. Niall Sheridan says that I make the Black-and-Tan War go on until 1926. His comment was quite justifiable, as it was obviously based on a statement on page 136 that Detective-Sergeant Barton was shot dead ten years after the Easter Week Rising. This was due to an error of my typist, which the compositor naturally followed, and which escaped my notice when reading the proofs. But both on page 158 and on page 191 of the book references are made to the shooting of Barton by which I make it clear that the incident occurred during the Tan War.

I wish to reiterate that my oversight in correcting the proofs led to the blunder, for which I merited the rebuke from Mr. Sheridan.

Yours truly,

Chelsea, S.W.10.
9th December, '37.

GERALD GRIFFIN

BOOK SECTION

JACQUES MARITAIN

The name of Jacques Maritain is known to all educated people as that of one of the greatest thinkers of this generation. His influence on French thought is enormous and by no means confined to philosophers ; for poets, novelists, and journalists acknowledge their indebtedness to him even when the acknowledgment takes the form of disagreement. Outside France, while naturally less widespread, this influence has been almost equally profound. Has not the *Times Literary Supplement* devoted a leading article to his *Trois Réformateurs*, and has not Dean Inge himself named him as one of the chief modern expositors of true Christian philosophy? Even in Ireland M. Maritain has his devoted disciples, and many will remember the success which attended his lectures a few years ago in University College, Dublin.

Up to the appearance of the present work, only his more popular writings have been available to the reader of English. *The Degrees of Knowledge*¹ can hardly be called popular ; it is probably M. Maritain's most important book, and is marked by its close and difficult reasoning as much as by the elevation of its subject. To translate such a work is a formidable task, the more so for the very reason that the original is in a language so close to English in many ways. It cannot be said without some qualification that the translators in this case have been entirely successful. Their version contains far too many exotic terms like "algorithm," adjectives like "mathematic," and verbs like "to substitute" used in an inverted sense ; it is cumbered by a gross excess of parentheses, and here and there disfigured by sentences which have no verb. As an example of its style, I may, perhaps, quote a sentence from page 273 : "These precisions with regard to our analogical knowledge of the pure created spirits is, I am convinced, in line with, though put in very different language, the doctrine expounded by Cajetan." There are too many instances of such unwarranted clumsiness, which, no matter how difficult may be a writer's style, can hardly be said to do him justice in a translation. Errors of another kind are frequent ; thus Dionysius the Areopagite is referred to all through as "Dionysus" and Melissus of Samos becomes suddenly feminine in the preface. The exigencies of scholastic reasoning are quite enough in themselves, especially for the lay reader, without bafflements of this kind on every other page. Having been led by that perhaps rare and certainly troublesome thing, a reviewer's conscience, to make these complaints, I must hasten to assert that *The Degrees of Knowledge*, even thus translated, bereft of its appendices, and without an index, is a great book. Its subject, of all branches of metaphysics, is, perhaps, the most important for our time, and in it M. Maritain, like the greatest philosophers of old, only with far wider sweep and deeper insight, because borne by St. Thomas, moves through the whole range of man's knowing, from the simplest cognition of elementary being to the supreme vision in which the perfect are united by grace in charity with the Trinity Itself. Those who listened to him lecturing in University College, will remember that

¹ THE DEGREES OF KNOWLEDGE. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by Bernard Wall and Margot Adamson. (Geoffrey Bles : *The Centenary Press*. pp. 475. 21s.).

in one discourse he spoke of the relation between science and philosophy and in the other of the mystical doctrine of St. John of God. These two lectures covered, in brief, much of the ground covered by this book. In a sense its theme is that of Francis Thompson's last poem:

"The angels keep their ancient places
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces
That miss the many-splendoured thing."

In a single movement, so to speak, M. Maritain conveys to his readers his sense of the incalculable loss suffered by modern philosophy through its estrangement from ancient wisdom, and an insight into the possibilities opened up by the recovery of that wisdom. The first part of his book deals in four pregnant chapters with the two degrees of rational knowledge, which he calls by the Greek names "perinoetic" and "dianoetic," corresponding to the distinction between "science," in the modern sense of the term, and metaphysics. His second part is devoted to supra-rational, or "ananoetic," knowledge, and is a most valuable examination of the relation between mysticism and philosophy. Starting from the Aristotelian and Thomist position that knowledge is the conceptual grasp by the intellect of real being, he confronts this doctrine—the doctrine of critical realism—with the various modern aberrations, which, beginning with Descartes, have made the intellect itself the first object of knowledge, and have thus produced the strange duality of philosophic idealism and materialism. Perhaps nothing in the book is at once so effective and so pertinent as his refutation of the most recent attempt of neo-Kantianism, in the hands of Husserl and the phenomenological school, to save the idealist position by a backdoor intrusion of realism. In two succeeding chapters he deals with modern physical science and biology from the Thomist point of view, and here again, even to the layman, his treatment is highly suggestive. As his numerous quotations show, these problems have been deeply discussed by French thinkers, but naturally enough very little about them has been so far published in English. M. Maritain shows how much more adequate to modern scientific thought should critical realism prove, if properly applied, than the Cartesian doctrines which have caused science since the seventeenth century "to progress by fighting against the intelligence," and which nowadays, with relativity and the quantum theory, would seem to have ended in an impasse. In this section I would single out for their special interest his discussions of Russell's mathematical logic, Eddington's *Nature of the Physical World*, Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy and its alleged bearing on the problem of free will, and non-Euclidian geometry. These are only a few of the questions treated with fullness and illumination. His own suggestions towards a return to a sound philosophy of nature, his view that mechanistic hypotheses are tolerable as methodological devices, and his very attractive proposal for a revival of the Platonic procedure by way of "myths," all merit the closest attention.

In contrast with the wealth of argument to be found in his treatment of physical science, the chapters on biology and on metaphysical knowledge may be thought, perhaps, less full. The former does no more than emphasise once again the distinction between "empiriological" and "ontological" knowledge of living organisms; while the most important function of the latter is to serve as a sort of bridge between "perinoetic" and "ananoetic." Indeed, this book provides an admirable defence for its author against any possible charge of being a mere "metaphysician" in the derogatory sense sometimes given to

that word. No writer has more clearly or more fairly fixed the limit to metaphysics, and in dealing with philosophical claims to an intellectual vision of Divinity, M. Maritain is at his most characteristic. For him, as for St. Thomas and all true Christian thought, philosophy is no substitute for the gift of faith; above metaphysics, "the science of Being, which issues in the transintelligible," is the world of the supernatural, where the metaphysical progress can only penetrate by analogy. *In finem nostrae cognitionis Deum tamquam ignotum cognoscimus* says St. Thomas, quoting Dionysius, and M. Maritain shows how the latter, while using a terminology derived from the neo-platonic "flight of the alone to the alone" is, nevertheless, throughout inspired by Pauline thought. In the second part of the book we begin with a fruitful discussion of mysticism in general, in which due and sympathetic attention is paid to non-Christian mystics, notably the Arabian martyr El Hallaj, but in which the view is very strongly stressed that there is no such thing as mystical experience in the natural order.

The next chapter, on Augustinian wisdom, is a digression, but a welcome one, with its clear distinction between the infused wisdom of St. Augustine, akin to that of St. Paul and the Fathers, and the scientific and theological wisdom of St. Thomas. The latter, M. Maritain maintains, gives us the sole metaphysical systematisation of his great predecessor's thought, in which it remains essentially Augustinian. In one respect only, he thinks, is it still possible to enrich Thomism from that source: the philosophy of history, where "the inventive hardihood" of St. Augustine was more disposed than "the theological prudence" of St. Thomas to hazard itself in the zone of the probable. "There is a whole domain here to be regained from Hegel and to claim for Christian wisdom." Speaking as a layman, I may, perhaps, say that I rejoice to see thus suggested an idea I have often felt—that one weakness of Thomism for the modern mind lies in a certain insensitivity to history, which is partly, perhaps, medieval and partly goes back to Aristotle himself.

After St. Augustine comes St. John of The Cross, and here once more M. Maritain is at his very best. His theme is the difference in mode, but essential concordance in their theological bases, between St. John and St. Thomas. The former is primarily an exponent of a kind of wisdom which M. Maritain defines as *practically practical*, as opposed to the *speculatively practical* wisdom of the latter. St. John perfected the work of the pseudo-Dionysius by building up from his negative theology this practical science with charity as its motive-force. In him we have the greatest of mystical guides, and M. Maritain shows with much insight and knowledge, both textual and exegetical, how his teaching culminates in the wonderful doctrine of union with the Trinity. It is barely possible to hint at the wealth of analysis and illustration with which this great theme of knowledge and its ways of ascent is here developed, or to mention more than a few of the illuminating digressions—for example, on Bremond's doctrine of pure poetry and its relation to prayer—in which the book abounds. It will be indispensable to everyone with any pretensions to even a smattering of philosophy. Let us only hope that future translations of M. Maritain's works will be made with a little more care.

MICHAEL TIERNEY

PHILOSOPHY AND SOCIOLOGY

THE CATHOLIC TRADITION

THE CRISIS OF OUR CIVILISATION. By Hilaire Belloc. (*Cassell*. pp. 242. 8s. 6d.).

Mr. Belloc has written so much and his ideas have penetrated so deeply into the minds, especially of Catholic readers, that we no longer approach his latest book with the expectation of finding anything entirely unfamiliar. The resonant instance of his style comes to our ears with the effect of some majesty to whose spectacular transits we have grown accustomed. This is the penalty he pays for being one of the great historical writers—I had almost said one of the great historical forces—of our time. No one has done more than he has to demolish the artificial structure of fictions with which English popular history was built up during the nineteenth century. Even if we must now and again deprecate in his work a certain hastiness, a certain Johnsonian tendency to healthy unfairness, the work itself remains. Not unappropriately has he linked his name with that of his one great predecessor as a Catholic historian—Lingard. Mr. Belloc is more than a historian; he is a philosopher with a purpose for the future as well as a guide to the past.

In this book he gives us a meditation on what has always been his central subject—the European tradition with its roots in the Roman Empire, reaching its finest expression in the Christian culture of the Middle Ages, shattered at the Reformation, and nowadays at last in real danger of death. We meet here once more his favourite theses: Rome as the basis of Christendom, Islam as a Christian heresy, the Roman origin of much that is usually attributed to barbarian sources, the all-important role of Calvin and his *Institutes*, the connection between the Reformation and the growth of capitalism, and the inevitable march of capitalism towards the Servile State. It may fairly be said, that apart from unimportant details, Mr. Belloc's view of European history rests upon sure foundations, and that many of his generalisations on Roman and medieval developments have been borne out by recent specialist work. It may also be said that in this book these views are presented in a less exaggerated and, therefore, more acceptable form than in some of his earlier works. The idea that runs through all his writing on history is surely sound, that all change has its ultimate source in religion, and that the religious factor is of more importance in this respect than the economic, which is often merely its product. Two examples of this law are capital: the decline of slavery into serfdom and the ultimate rise of a free peasantry in Europe were an effect of Christianity, and the great development of a mechanistic civilisation in modern times has been a product of the Reformation.

Perhaps the most interesting parts of Mr. Belloc's historical review are the description of the causes that led up to the Reformation and the importance he assigns to Calvin as against Luther. In the first case, he does fair justice to the abuses which developed after the middle of the fourteenth century and which led to an undoubted increase in superstition, cruelty and greed before the beginning of the sixteenth. In the second case, even if he exaggerates a little the stature of Calvin, the exaggeration, like the curvature of a Greek temple, only serves to give a correct perspective. Mr. Belloc does not attribute to the Middle Ages any unreal virtues, only a more healthy balance as between spiritual and material than we see to-day. The restoration of such a healthy balance in modern terms is the aim set forth in the latter part of his book; and its first requisite is a religious restoration.

Such a religious revival involves the conversion to real Christianity—which for Mr. Belloc is, of course, synonymous with Catholicism—of a determining number in each great culture-centre, and here proposals are made for steps conducive thereto. It is in the economic and social programme suggested by Mr. Belloc that ordinary readers, especially in countries where the determining number is already Catholic, will be chiefly interested. This programme falls into three parts: the restoration of property, the control of monopoly, and the re-establishment of the Guild. Here, again, we find ourselves in this country with part of the programme already in operation, and our question is rather how far we can and should go with the remainder. There are not wanting critics to declare that Mr. Belloc, who, of course, regards Communism as the great enemy but does not mention Fascism, is aiming at turning us into Fascists while we sleep. The truth is that this preoccupation with the so-called Fascist danger is part of the propaganda of Communism, with which some of us are half-drugged already. Property, control of monopoly, and guilds are ideals preached by excellent democrats long before the word Fascism was invented. Mr. Belloc considers in detail how these ideals are to be put into practice, and his thoughts are well worth consideration by all Christians and democrats who are not frightened by very artificial bogeys.

M. T.

THE TOTALITARIAN SOLUTION

THE SPIRIT AND STRUCTURE OF GERMAN FASCISM. By Prof. Robert A. Brady. (*Gollancz*. Charts. pp. 383. 12s. 6d.).

Fascism provides the final formula for the cementing together of the detritus left by the collapse, factual or impending, of the capitalist system. The disintegrating and mutually destructive influences of the latter have brought mankind to its present fearful plight. And fear, involving the subjugation of the wills of others to those of the few, is the dominant factor which capitalism, by its enforced wedding of acute poverty to luxury and idle wealth, and Fascism, by its terrorist totalitarianism, impose on a world caught napping—its masses weak and unprepared.

The very emergence of such a work as this masterly analysis of the Fascist institutions and philosophy (*sic*) from America should serve as a warning to us, and especially to England. No country is safe—no land immune from its menace. Hydra-headed, it has appeared virulently in the U.S.A., in France, in England, in Belgium. (Is there for us a lesson in the movement in Belgium, which began as a *Christus Rex* movement, until the Bishops wisely forbade the association of the organisation with the name of Christ? The feeble analogy nearer home and its different faring need not be laboured.) The class-character of many of our institutions cannot be denied, and in England, as Professor Laski points out in his lucid foreword, referring to its undemocratic army ("After the Ulster mutiny of 1914, a simple faith in its obedience to the orders of a socialist (*read* labour) government which sought to effect drastic economic changes would be a luxury indeed." Both President Roosevelt and President de Valera have felt the openly inhibitory animus of an alien or hostile judiciary.

Summarising the splendidly-annotated detail which the author masses to the support of his thesis, he points out that "the deeper issue now being squarely faced is whether *capitalism as a coercive political and economic system* should be allowed any longer to survive." That is the fundamental cleavage of to-day. It runs through the earth like a geological fault and, let there be no mistake, the outcroppings are evident in Ireland as elsewhere. "It was

widespread poverty and mass privation, leading to mass revolutionary action, which caused Italian financial and industrial interests to underwrite Mussolini's bought-and-paid-for Fascism. It was mounting unemployment and decline in standards of living which led to steady growth of the revolutionary left, and caused German capital to strike its bargain with Hitler. It was an attempt to recover lost property and class privileges which provoked the union of right—fascist—forces in Spain against the growing strength of the champions of peasant and worker claims." And in these our democratic countries . . . ?

Why capitalism and fascism must strike *now* is because following the hammer-blow emancipation (in theory) of the worker—the rights of man and the French revolution, adult suffrage, popularisation of education, rise of the influence of the press, democratisation of various institutions, inauguration of an era of cinema and radio revelation and levelling-up, State and mass propaganda—the worker, as a consequence, has been led to expect a much bigger share of his productivity, only to be yielded (relatively to the standards prevailing) less and less.

The issue is certainly knit and any work which illumines the darkness or sounds the warning-signal is a contribution of value. For this reason, Professor Brady is to be sincerely thanked, doubly so for his facile style, which contrasts with the rather "heavier-going" of the prized Strachey volumes, which he will join on the reviewer's shelves.

L. J. ROSS

THE ECLECTIC ALTERNATIVE ?

CHRISTIANITY, COMMUNISM AND THE IDEAL SOCIETY. By James Feibleman. (*Allen and Unwin*. pp. 411. 12s. 6d.).

If an absorbing theme and an author at once audacious and learned so entitle a book to a wide public, then *Christianity, Communism and the Ideal Society* should be read by all. Mr. Feibleman ranges up and down among the masters of theology, philosophy and science with a familiarity that borders on contempt, bowling over a few stray economists and politicians in his stride. His main demand is for a rejection of the "Nominalistic Fallacy," that has for the last few hundred years displaced European culture through such varied exponents as Bacon, Luther, Descartes, Locke, Kant, Marx and "most of the rest" of modern philosophers—the American, Charles S. Peira, providing almost the only exception. He offers instead an Axiologic Realism whose practical application draws us by sheer logic to subordinate our selfish interests to those of an "unlimited society." In these conceptions, Mr. Feibleman conceives himself to annex what is best in each of the supposedly rival creeds of Christianity and Communism, and to provide us with a third ideal more rational and more adjusted to contemporary need. Alas! one cannot feel that Mr. Feibleman has, in fact, brought much light or comfort to the "puzzled generation," whom he is so obviously anxious to help.

How far can the forces of Christianity legitimately and honestly beckon those of Communism within the fold? No Christian needs to be told that in the sphere of theology and in that of ethics nothing can be surrendered; equally, no wise Christian refuses to learn purely political lessons from any social doctrine capable of inspiring as much practical devotion as Communism manifestly inspires. Mr. Feibleman might have been valuable in discovering the border-line between the sphere of theology and ethics on the one hand and that of politics on the other. Unfortunately, he puts himself out of court by calling on Christians to surrender what seems to him, Mr. Feibleman, such trifles as the immortality of the soul—not to mention things still more sacred.

It is strange at this time of day to find a man of Mr. Feibleman's sophistication providing a compromise between Christianity and Communism or, to use his own language, a "Third Alternative." It is strange to have to explain to him that there can be no parallelism between a divine religion, universal and eternal, such as Christianity, and a code of group psychology, with a partial and limited reference such as Marxism. It may both be that a classless society is the form of earthly society most calculated to promote Christian standards of conduct and self-abnegation, and that Communism and Marxism provide useful guidance in the attempt to bring the classless society to birth. But the classless society is admirable just because by releasing the mass of humanity from their more extreme economic and social hardships, it will permit concentration on higher issues; and the undiluted operation of loftier motives than those economic ones which Karl Marx performed a useful service (for all his exaggerations) in stressing. When the classless society arrives, Marxism will have served its purpose and will cease to be applicable. But Christianity will have come into its own, but on that day Mr. Feibleman, or his successors, will not, I think, still feel the need for a "Third Alternative."

FRANK PAKENHAM

PHYSICS VERSUS METAPHYSICS

PHILOSOPHY AND THE PHYSICISTS. By L. Susan Stebbing. (*Methuen*. pp. 295. 7s. 6d. net).

Never having studied Philosophy, I hesitated a moment when asked by the editor if I would review this book. I feared that the authoress would have devoted herself to an inquiry into the old-standing questions of materialism, idealism, determinism and so forth. On these questions, being an experimental physicist, I have as much authority to speak as would a geologist on the manufacture of jam. I may say, however, that I am glad to have read the book. It goes a long way towards "debunking" (to quote the publishers' note) the notion that any framework of theory, erected on experimental scientific foundations, can supplant the processes of metaphysics, ethics and theology in arriving at an interpretation of the universe.

The authoress speaks for the common reader of the works of Jeans, Eddington, and the other "popularising" writers on Physics. I hope my readers will not think me too cynical if I suggest that it is not in spates of eloquence that we find the soundest political thought. Nor is it so in science nor philosophy. Literary style is apt to carry away the writer, and so Eddington merits Prof. Stebbing's rebuke: "these modes of expression . . . not merely unilluminating . . . but such writing obfuscates the reader whilst pretending to enlighten him." She deals with this aspect of his writings in many dozen pages of acute criticism. I can find no better description of her own style than "feminine frankness," and I must say I felt sorry sometimes for the poor masculine Eddington, whose "nursery language" is so (deservedly) pilloried. It is to be expected that even the most academic of women should know intuitively when a child is "grown up" or, rather, when to treat a child as grown up by taking him seriously.

Now to my mind the "common reader" is not alive to the distinction between the mathematical physicist and the experimental scientist. Prof. Stebbing is, of course, aware of this distinction, yet she accuses Eddington of omitting "to give the common reader any indication of the way in which physical measurements are in fact obtained." This is unfair, for nobody could accuse Eddington of being an experimental physicist. He is a mathematical physicist of established reputation, whose sole fault, if it is one, is a readiness to announce to the

world in picturesque language the meanings he attaches to the results of involved mathematical speculations. (I trust this sentence conveys the slight sense of obfuscation I, for one, often feel when I read his writings.) Eddington, however, has written several "popularising" books and it is with these and not his scientific papers Prof. Stebbing is dealing. We scientists take delight in these because of his quaint comments on the abstruse such as his famous phrase: "Something unknown is doing we know not what." How perfectly this describes the modern theory of the electron! But what does this sort of thing convey to the "common reader?" He is, I take it, what is called a well-read man: he has that snobbish contempt for formal science and mathematical study which must derive from an incompetence to master their principles or mere laziness at school: he can criticise a play but he couldn't write one to save his life: he quotes philosophy without understanding it: he admires modernistic art because he can't draw: he is the hanger-on of the *intellegentsia*. Miss Stebbing is, therefore, no "common reader"—but she is a professor of Philosophy, and as such is concerned with the meanings of such statements as that quoted. Her conclusion is "Eddington, in his desire to be entertaining befools the reader into a serious state of mental confusion"; but, again, she modifies it slightly: "There can be no doubt that Eddington himself has been genuinely puzzled. He is not, I think, merely befooling the reader—at least not all the time."

A book review is not the place for initiating a discussion nor a platform for preaching a dogma, and, indeed, space is much too circumscribed. I suggest, however, that Prof. Stebbing is surely right when she feels "a serious state of muddle somewhere" when getting involved in a discussion of Predestination. Catholics, at any rate, have not so much difficulty in reconciling scientific discoveries and their alleged consequences with the tenets of their faith.

JOHN J. DOWLING

A STUDY IN CAPITALISM

GRANT, A. T. K.: *A Study of the Capital Market in Post-War Britain.* (Macmillan. xx + 320 pp. 12s.).

The "capital market" comprises all the methods whereby savings are put at the disposal of enterprise. It is a radically important element of every economy, for upon the manner of its functioning depends, to some extent, the nature of the economy, particularly its capacity for expansion and its elasticity in the face of natural or political shocks. As an example, the well-known differences between British and German banking practice in the matter of industrial financing may be referred to. In his book, *The English Capital Market*, Lavington made a very thorough study of the means and institutions through which, in the British Isles, enterprise obtained its finance, but this book, though not published until after the war, is necessarily concerned chiefly with pre-war problems and organisation. The great changes which have occurred since then in the concrete external environment within which the capital market must work, and the consequential changes in the structure and operations of that market, have rendered necessary a complementary volume beginning where Lavington left off. Mr. Grant has endeavoured to supply this want, with incomplete success.

The book's chief defect is its diffuseness. It is quite true that, as the author remarks in his preface, "if we are to see the capital market in perspective, and to understand the significance of the changes that have come about, we must go a great deal further afield and show it in its context." Unfortunately, the "context" of the capital market can plausibly be interpreted with a width

sufficient to include the whole economic system, embracing particularly, on the one hand, all the influences affecting the volume and quality of savings and, on the other, all the influences affecting the direction of investment. To reduce the work to manageable proportions, discrimination must be carefully exercised in the selection of the "context," of those influences emanating from the general economic, political, social and technical background which have had a direct and immediate bearing on the structure and operations of the capital market. It is in this discriminatory function that Mr. Grant fails, and his "background," comprising more than half the whole book, contains discussions of the significance of interest rates, banking and monetary policy, public finance, economic development, cyclical fluctuations and population movements, which, while providing a great deal of interesting factual information, are, in large part, not functionally related to the book's essential subject, and are necessarily somewhat superficial in their treatment of several current controversies.

The kernel of the book, Part III, though disproportionately small, is a lucid and useful description of the existing institutional machinery at work (Chapters VII, IX, XI), with an historical account of the new issue market since the war (Chapter VIII), followed by too-short Chapter (X) on "The Impact of Change on Investment Machinery." The author lists the major changes in post-war compared with pre-war conditions as: "(1) a spectacular decline in lending overseas; (2) the disappearance of overseas railway financing; (3) the emergence of large-scale borrowings by home municipalities; (4) the enormously increased importance of home enterprise; and (5) the increased importance of financial intermediaries such as investment trusts." It is curious that he omits the important factor of increased government intervention (largely a cause of (1) above), directly or indirectly conditioning both the form of investment in new kinds of enterprise (*e.g.*, road-transport) and the quality of the risk in all kinds of new investment. The omissions to canvass the permanence of these changed conditions (particularly (1), (3) and (4)), and to relate them directly to institutional changes in the market are to be regretted. A factual survey of investment in housing and agriculture is given in Chapter XIII.

In Chapters XII and XV attention is given to the problem of "the financing of the fringes of enterprise," *i.e.*, of providing the finance for the new and untried ventures which are the necessary prelude to established concerns. It is these chapters that will be read with most interest by residents of the Irish Free State, as in recent years Government policy has created here a special problem of this class. In the past finance of this type has normally been privately provided, and a public issue has been made only when the venture has become established. Mr. Grant comes to the conclusion that this source of finance has become insufficient, and that an organization for financing new enterprise is needed, but his advocacy is weakened by his inadequate recognition of the not very successful history of such institutions in other countries.

G. A. DUNCAN

LABOUR AND PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY OF EMPLOYMENT. By Joan Robinson. (*Macmillan*. pp. 127. 4s. 6d.).

"The modern economic system fails to provide employment continuously for all who desire to work Diagnosis must precede prescription, and the following pages attempt to do no more than to assist the reader to the first elementary stages of an understanding of the disease." So Mrs. Robinson

defines the object of her book, and she has indeed cleared the way for an intelligent approach on the part of the layman and the student to the problem of unemployment. She does not suggest a remedy, but she sets up a sign-post pointing towards the remedy.

There is nowadays a growing tendency to accept unemployment as one of the permanent unpleasant facts of life. The "dole" soothes whatever qualms of conscience it may cause the average citizen. Politicians are acquiring a habit of using it as vote-catching propaganda or as a lash to harass governments. And governments shake off the incubus by handing out subsidies or appointing commissions when storm symptoms become serious.

But chronic unemployment breeds a growing swarm of social evils. Therefore, the layman as well as the economist must seek to understand its causes and find a remedy. Mrs. Robinson sees a real danger of unemployment becoming chronic and suggests that in the near future powerful stimulants will have to be applied to the economic system in order to avoid such a calamity. Mr. Keynes has launched a theory of employment (admittedly difficult for the layman fully to grasp) which has aroused much interest and controversy amongst economists. A layman cannot presume to enter into that controversy, but he welcomes it in so far as it concentrates the attention of experts upon this urgent problem. It is apparently Mrs. Robinson's desire to clarify Mr. Keynes' theory for the average man, and this book is a first and very useful step to that end.

Moreover, it leaves the reader with a question which incites him to further study. The system of private enterprise, as we know it, appears to make unemployment inevitable through the alternation of booms and slumps. Is it possible for the present economic system to adapt itself to the requirements of the future? That is the fundamental question posed by this book.

L. B. B.

THE IRISH SHELF

MICHAEL COLLINS

MICHAEL COLLINS, SOLDIER AND STATESMAN. By Piaras Beaslai. (*Talbot Press*. pp. 424. 7s. 6d.).

The title of this book does not indicate its full scope. It is a record of the acts of Michael Collins set chiefly against the background of Mr. Beaslai's personal experience and impressions of the British War. It is a partisan pro-treaty *exposé* of the later events of 1921-22. It contains an introduction and an appendix asserting the author's fair-mindedness as a historian of the period and setting forth the shortcomings of two other historians, Miss Macardle and Mr. Pakenham. The former, Mr. Beaslai regards as a mouth-piece of De Valera; the latter he thinks is not really competent to deal with the period, as he had no personal experience of it. One feels that perhaps the reason for the publication of the book was as much Mr. Beaslai's desire to establish himself as the only reliable historian of the period as to glorify Collins as a Soldier and a Statesman. So far as Collins himself is concerned, Mr. Beaslai's approach to the subject is so uncritical as to be a perpetual excitant to the gall bladder of a debunker. It is a "fan" biography. Collins is so perfect as to be devitalised. He does everything; he knows everything; he carries the whole burden of the war. It is Collins first, the rest nowhere. All the time, he brandishes the Bright Sword of Banba, while De Valera, Brugha and Stack lurk in the background, either evading responsibility or jealously nursing the sores of their wounded dignity. The chapter on the terror in Dublin is interesting, though somewhat

monotonously set down. When Mr. Beaslai discusses the Treaty, he does so in a manner woefully reminiscent of the contemporary tone of that disastrous time. Indeed, the influence of the newspapers is ever apparent in the book; even the device of using leaded type to emphasise a point is not despised. With its innuendoes and omissions, it is difficult to say how the author persuades himself that he is being fair-minded.

Michael Collins has not so far been lucky in his biographers.

M. N. C.

CONFISCATION

ERASMUS SMITH ENDOWMENT. By Myles V. Ronan, c.c. (*Talbot Press*. pp. 80. 1s.).

The sub-title of this pamphlet is "A Romance of Irish Confiscation," but in this Father Ronan errs on the side of charity. There was nothing romantic about Irish confiscations in general or Smith and his successors in particular. The pamphlet gives us a summary of the evidence given on behalf of the Catholic Defendants, by Father Ronan, in the trial of the action before Mr. Justice Meredith. Smith, it appears, was born in 1611. He was apprenticed to a Turkey merchant in London at the age of 17, and in 1635 became a free-man of the Grocers' Company. In 1643 mention is first found of his name in the list of Adventurers. His father, Sir Roger Smith, assigned to him his share in the Irish adventure of the value of £375 "in consideration of his natural love towards him." It was on the fraud perpetrated in connection with this "adventure of £375" that the Erasmus Smith Endowment was set up. Smith was not a free founder of a charitable trust. Father Ronan clearly shows that Smith's so-called private Endowment was based on fraud during the confiscation of the lands of the Irish proprietors after the Rising of 1641. The lands that Smith acquired fraudulently, from those in power, were taken over by the Cromwellian State and given for the foundation of schools. Under Charles II the fraud was continued and legislation passed in its favour. The Erasmus Smith Endowment was a State Endowment, and the hand of the State is written over all its proceedings. Smith died in 1691, at the age of 80 years. His name was engrafted on the Endowment because it was on the lands illegally granted to him that the Trusts were set up. The real "Founder" was Charles II; Smith was a mere Trustee.

Many people, as Father Ronan remarks, are under the impression that it was the Catholic tenants who instituted the recent legal proceedings. Such is not the case. It was the Protestant Governors of the Trust who brought the case to the High Court. Judgment was given in favour of the Catholic tenants in October, 1931. The subsequent proceedings, and ultimate settlement, are matters of common knowledge. The publication of this pamphlet is quite opportune. A detailed account of the entire proceedings from the editor's facile pen would prove absorbing reading, and would form a worthy successor to Healy's "Stolen Waters."

SEÁMUS PENDER

GENEALOGIAE REGUM ET SANCTORUM HIBERNIAE. By The Four Masters. Edited by Rev. Paul Walsh, M.A. (*M. H. Gill and Son*. 5s.).

This volume was first published in 1918 by Father Walsh under the auspices of the Record Society, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. The present re-issue is apparently due to the recent revival of that Society. The text is that of Ó Cléirigh's autograph copy in the library of the Franciscan Convent, Merchant's Quay, Dublin. Archbishop Fleming's Approbation of the work has furnished

the editor with the title which he attaches to the volume; the title-page in the manuscript has the words "Seanchas Riogh Ereann: Genealuighi na Naomh nEreannach." As it is, either title explains the contents. First come the genealogies of the kings of Ireland, commencing with those of the Fir Bolg, followed by the Tuatha Dé Danonn, the descendants of Mil (divided into pre-Patrician and post-Patrician), and finally the kings "with opposition." The saints are arranged in classes under the names of the ancestors from whom their descent is traced; "such as, all the saints that descend from Conall Gulban, in one class; all the saints that descend from Eoghan, his brother, in another class; . . . and so on, throughout the four provinces." The work was compiled in the Observantine Convent, Athlone, in 1630. Those engaged in its compilation were Micheál Ó Cléirigh, Fearfeasa O Maolchonaire, Cúcoigriche O Cléirigh and Cúcoigriche Ó Duibhghheannáin. We learn from the Dedication that they commenced their labours on October 4 and completed them on November 5. In a series of documents, printed by Father Walsh, from other manuscripts, light is thrown on an interesting quarrel between two schools of native historians.

The value of the genealogies for the Early and Mediæval periods of Irish history is too well known by now to need re-iteration here. The editor has performed his task with meticulous accuracy, and has provided a detailed Index. It is to be hoped that the re-issue of this book will help to awaken interest in native Irish genealogies. Although a generation has passed since MacNeill first demonstrated their importance, they are still the Cinderella of Irish historical studies. The fairy godmother persistently refuses to appear, and the slipper remains tightly clasped in the withered grip of transmarine and transpontine step-mothers.

SEAMUS PENDER

POETRY AND ART

ENGLISH POETRY

THE YEAR'S POETRY, 1937. Compiled by D. Kilham Roberts and Geoffrey Grigson. (London: *The Bodley Head*. 151 pp. 5s.).

The English blood this year runs thin and cold, and it is perhaps significant that this collection, which in former years consisted of purely English poets, with an odd Irish one thrown in, should this year contain the names of Conrad Aiken, Paul Eluard, Federico Garcia Lorca, Pablo Neruda, Fredric Prokosch, E. V. Swart, and a translation of Rimbaud. That is, out of thirty-six poets seven are foreigners of different kinds. While this is quite as it should be, since this purports to be the "year's poetry," it is still a vivid commentary on the poverty of English poetry.

This lack of new English poets may be due in some measure to the latest literary ramp in England, a systematic insistence by reviewers of all brows that "only four poets writing to-day should be published—Yeats, Eliot, Pound and Auden"—this at a time when Eliot has produced no original poetry since June, 1935. Pound is entirely preoccupied with Social Credit; Yeats' last book was *A Full Moon in March*, published in May, 1935, and Auden is the only one publishing consistently.

Whether any of the poets in this collection can be said to be better than these four does not seem to me important; personally, I do not believe they are; but at least it is vitally necessary that verse of a certain standard should be published. What that standard is must necessarily be left to the judgment of the publishers' readers, and while most of this work obviously conforms to

that standard, it is none of it very important. I like best the polished and assured observations of Auden, the ironic ease of Geoffrey Parsons: as in his satiric lullaby "Unto us a Prince is Born":

Gaily you go, pushed by your salaried nurse
 (There will always be someone to push you, precious, you know)
 Filling the park with your prattle,
 Amused by your monogrammed rattle.
 Soon you will grow out of prams and be given a horse;
 Then as you canter past cameras massed in the Row,
 Gaily, baby, oh, gaily, gaily, you'll go.

I like also Philip O'Connor, and Edwin Muir, especially his "Troy," which, though it exhibits nothing new in outlook yet contains within its thirty lines a complete drama and tragedy with its own unities.

On the whole, however, with the exception of Lorca's grand "Faithless Wife," this year's crop of lyrics seem too effete. There is plenty of talk about Bombers and Spain and War, but the writers leave our withers unwrung, and I cannot escape the suspicion that this is due to the fact that their horror and indignation are largely conscientious and not informed by any real emotion. They all adopt the pose of Spender, who assures us that he has an appointment with a bullet, but has failed to keep it. Perhaps it is only Irish poets like Charlie Donnelly who actually take gun in hand and prove that they have as much blood inside them as will write an Epitaph.

DONAGH MACDONAGH

ART WITH THE GLOVES OFF

PAINT AND PREJUDICE. By C. R. W. Nevinson. (*Methuen*. 12s. 6d.).

Recording that some of his unpopularity among brother artists was attributed by Professor Tonks to an "agressive face," Mr. Nevinson remarks: "if it comes to that . . . Tonks was no oil-painting." From this it may be seen that no particular technical education is necessary for the enjoyment of *Paint and Prejudice*. Not since Whistler has an artist hated so heartily, or, at least, so articulately, and it is all great sport for the gods. Mr. Nevinson believes he has had many enemies, among the critics chiefly Roger Fry and Clive Bell who, in one outburst, achieve a composite, symbolic villainy under the name of "Roger Clive," and among the artists, chiefly P. Wyndham Lewis and Professor Tonks. But, above all, Tonks. Naturally all this hate makes excellent reading.

"The exhibition sold out. My one regret now is that I did not ask enough money for my pictures." "It has been possible up to the present to lead the life of a millionaire." These and similar revelations, combined with the fact that Mr. Nevinson has not hesitated to write his own blurbs, show how far we must modify the conception of an artist starving in a garret, and liking it. We must replace it by a picture of gate-crashers hoping to escape notice among the crowd of journalists, actors, army officers, financiers, lords and ladies, politicians and "les girls," who throng his studio and his book, whether in Chelsea, Greenwich Village or—best selling-point—Montparnasse. With them we are whirled from Public School to the trenches, from New York to Prague, from art school to Montmartre, in and out of hospitals, up in observation balloons, ending in the comparative calm of a caravan trailer. And, by the way, it was *not* a Ford, but a Chrysler, and a new one at that, a point on which Mr. Arnold Bennet is corrected.

With all this, there is a serious, an intense thread in Mr. Nevinson's life,

and in his book. He has been an unflagging worker, a feverish experimenter, and from the time when he revolted against the academic and the pretty-pretty to his equally indignant revolt against the modernist cult of the ugly-ugly—a delightful word—he has wrestled with many isms, and survived them all. He claims that every combat taught him something, but it seems to have been something he has been able to forget, and one wonders whether all the turmoil was necessary. His final summing-up of the philosophy of art, at the age of forty-eight, seems to be a sound one, and almost prompts an unforgivable: "I told you so."

The book is well illustrated with a selection of the author's works.

J. D.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

CHINA AT THE CROSSROADS. By General and Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek. (*Faber and Faber*. pp. 232. 7s. 6d.).

CRISIS IN CHINA. By James M. Bertram. (*Macmillan*. pp. xvi + 318, illustrated. 10s. 6d.).

Here are two uncommon books on China, both written around the dramatic revolt in Sian in December, 1936—a crisis that almost shattered China's unity six months before the last act of Japanese aggression, which culminated in the present war in the Far East.

In *China at the Crossroads* the Christian Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek gives his own diary of his capture and imprisonment during an inspection tour, by his subordinate officer and disciple—the Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-liang, who, instead of carrying out orders to suppress the redoubtable Red Chinese Armies of the North-West, became friendly with them after two defeats, and saw the point of view that "Chinese do not fight Chinese," while Japan threatens the North.

The captured Generalissimo concedes nothing to the rebels, and invites them to execute him. His strong personality, and belief in the righteousness of the Central Government shake the minds of his captors, and eventually win them over in strange fashion, thus creating a precedent in Chinese politics, and neither general died at dawn.

The spectacular flight of Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek to join her imprisoned husband in the rebel city, and the incidents that followed there until his release are recounted by her in the first half of the book. Her story and the diary give an unusually intimate view of the intricacies of Chinese mind and behaviour, besides showing at first hand something of two personalities, whose fame is already world-wide, hers no whit less than his, owing to her noble qualities of self-sacrifice and devotion during the period covered by the book, and to her remarkable leadership in the emancipation of China.

In *Crisis in China* Mr. Bertram gives another angle on the events in Sian, from the point of view of a journalist whose sympathies are with the Reds. He presents Chiang Kai-Shek as a kind of stubborn, sanctimonious blunderer, and practically in the same breath extols the perverted little children who fight in China's Red ranks. He arrives in Sian too late. The Generalissimo and his penitent captor have already flown back to Nanking, but Mr. Bertram is the first journalist into Sian, after a hazardous journey in company with one of the chief revolutionaries. Mr. Bertram is over-modest in describing his daring achievement, and exciting adventures, in the pursuit of information.

The aftermath of plot and assassinations in Sian makes up for any thrill missed with the main event. Tribute is paid to the courage and feats of the Red forces in the field, and to the wisdom of their compromising attitude in

the forum, which contributed to the safety of the strong man of China, ensured the unity he sought, and later brought about collective resistance against the Japanese invader.

The books complement each other. Mr. Bertram's is illustrated with a map and numerous fine photographs of places and characters, while Messrs. Faber and Faber score with the intriguing personal accounts of the main actor and his wife in a drama that is already history.

JOHN LUCY

FICTION AND BIOGRAPHY

STARTING POINT. By C. Day Lewis. (*Cape*. 7s. 6d.).

IMPERIAL CITY. By Elmer Rice. (*Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.).

HALF AN EYE. Sea Stories. By James Hanley. (*The Bodley Head*. 8s. 6d.).

BROKEN WATER. By James Hanley. (*Chatto and Windus*. 10s. 6d.).

Mr. Day Lewis' second novel is worthy of particular notice, because it is a serious work of fiction dealing with the impact of contemporary ideologies on the young men of his generation. If the participants in the war were a "lost generation," the generation which came to maturity in the early years of the uneasy peace was at least badly strayed. Spiritually and metaphysically it was in a No Man's Land.

The main protagonists of *Starting Point* are Theodore, John, Henry and Anthony, four friends who come down from Oxford about the time of the General Strike of 1926. Their subsequent careers from the basis of the novel, and Mr. Day Lewis is concerned largely with their reactions to the political and social stresses of their time. Here in Ireland these stresses have scarcely been felt—and it is a tribute to Day Lewis' power that in *Starting Point* he has given them an almost painful urgency. This book is a sincere and compelling piece of work.

Technically this novel is a vast improvement on *The Friendly Tree*, which lacked form and unity. The prose has all the virtues one expects in a poet turned novelist—crispness, clarity, flexibility, and an unashamed lyricism.

Mr. Elmer Rice's prose is completely lacking in these qualities—indeed, it is altogether without distinction. His style is petrified by cliché: "A small but excellent jazz-orchestra provided dance music and several professional entertainers sang or played the piano. . . . Glasses were replenished as quickly as they were emptied, and emptied as soon as they were filled."

The chief figures in the novel are Greg, Christopher and Gay, three members of the wealthy Coleman family. They represent various stages of moral decay, and Mr. Rice's very long novel reads like a tract on the degeneration of New York. Certainly no tract could be much duller. Every dramatic situation in the story—and Elmer Rice is a fine dramatist—is either smothered or caricatured by the hopelessly inadequate medium of Mr. Rice's prose style.

A curious device is adopted to end the book. Greg Coleman comes sensationally to his long-foreseen Bad End by shooting a film-actor in a night club. He is tried for murder, and Mr. Rice gives the trial in detail—but does not let the reader know the verdict. The novel ends abruptly as the jury files into the courtroom. Not that one is very interested, by this time.

But a writer may get across despite an incompetent style, as is proved by this new collection of Mr. Hanley's Sea Stories. Hanley always seems to lack complete control of his medium, but his work has an urgency and power which

overcomes this obstacle. Occasionally, when he allows his material to mould his style, we get a fine piece of work, as in that very well-known story, *The Last Voyage*, which is reprinted in this volume.

Many of the stories collected in *Half an Eye* are already known to Hanley's readers. *Feud*, *Victory* and *Stoker Haslitt* have helped to make his reputation as a writer of sea-stories. A number of the pieces included in this volume have not previously appeared in book form, and of these the most notable are *Shadows Before Sunset*, *The Tale* and *The Storm*. The last-named story is in Hanley's best vein, and might almost bear comparison with Conrad's *Typhoon*.

Broken Water, which Mr. Hanley describes as "an excursion in autobiography," reveals his great weakness as a writer. His stylistic diffidence, his lack of control over his medium, are more apparent here than in his stories. Probably this is due to his attempt to write a temperate, grammatical, almost pedestrian style. This forced correctness of style imparts to Hanley's story a remote and detached quality. It also leads him into a number of unusual grammatical constructions:

"My head was big enough to occupy but one thought."

"The current conversation between the men now was to how soon we should meet the escorting destroyer."

Broken Water opens with a description of an outing by cab to Howth with a drunken cabman, and this episode is one of the best things in the book. The story covers Hanley's early years, his life at sea, his return to *terra firma*, and his eventual literary success. But this autobiography makes very disappointing reading after Hanley's sea stories. He has made fact less vivid than fiction.

NIALL SHERIDAN

WELSH WRITERS

WELSH SHORT STORIES. (*Faber and Faber*. 7s. 6d.).

This is a companion book to *Irish Short Stories* and *Scottish Short Stories* from the same publishers. There are twenty-six stories in all, some from the pens of long-established writers, such as Allen Raine, Caradoc Evans, and Arthur Machen, but most of them from those of younger folk, whose names are unknown to us. On the whole, the youngsters are the better team: the writing may not be so slick but the matter is fresher and brighter. A few of the tales are translations from the Welsh; one of these, *Sion Williams*, by Richard Hughes Williams, if any better in the original must be a gem. *Janet Ifans' Donkey*, by Geraint Goodwin, is a rich bit of humour, such as might come out of any of our own countrysides. *Shacki Thomas*, by Gwynn Jones, carries conviction; the observation is good in it. The long short story, *Country Dance*, by Margiad Evans, is the most interesting in the book. It is of the border country, where marriages between Welsh and English are frequent. We find the daughter of such a marriage beloved of two men, one, again, an Englishman, the other a Welshman; and always in the background the old ancestral distrust and mutual scorn of the two peoples. In some of the incidents in it, and there are many, we are reminded of certain short stories written by Conrad, where to the end man and wife have each preserved their own soul language for their soul's need. Here in one place we find the daughter interpreting for her English father what her dying Welsh mother is saying, the acquired English language refusing to come to the lips of the old woman, as it were. This is the story to which one would most likely return, not for interest in the theme, but from the fact that there is throughout a sense of reality, never

stressed, never exploited, there simply because the life dealt with lives in the writer's heart.

One gathers from the book that the Welsh are fairly ordinary folk. Doubtless, the writers would all have done much better if they had our people to deal with, with their picturesque and flavoured speech and their flaunting souls—that is to judge by some of our short stories' writers.

D. C.

GEORGES DUHAMEL

THE PASQUIER CHRONICLES. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by Bèatrice de Holthoir. (*Dent*. pp. 848. 10s. 6d.).

This, to me, is one of the greatest European books so far of this century. The conviction is based on a certainty that these Pasquiers are real people, living, suffering, hoping, and yet, without degenerating into types, typifying that generation which lived the transition from nineteenth century optimism to the doubts and palpable agonies of the twentieth-century. Laurent, out of whose mouth the chronicles flow, is the son of Raymond Pasquier, a man half genius, half mountebank, vain, sensual, self-indulgent. Raymond Pasquier is one of the really knowable figures in literature. One of the strongest motifs in the book, linking up the five parts, is Laurent's almost hysterical reaction to his father's sensual libertinism. The mother, it is significant that we know her not often by name, is patient, loving, courageous in suffering, adoring and terrified by turn in the face of her blonde erratic god, M. Pasquier. They had children other than Laurent: Ferdinand, the safety-seeking clerical wage-slave: Joseph, the successful capitalist, who begins with a few hundred francs saved by forgoing lunch for a year, becomes wealthy; is full of wise saws and modern instances; cleaves to the Nietzschean motto, "Man is something to be overcome: Cecile, the brilliant pianist, who insulates herself with her genius from the family and the world, and Suzanne, the beauty, a foreshadowing of twentieth-century young womanhood.

The Pasquier children succeed after their measure; but not so Laurent, the autobiographer, the autodemonstrator of at once the poverty and the heroism of humanism, inheritor of the Catholic consciousness of sin, but not of any faith that would give it meaning. He believes in science and finds no root in it. He believes in brotherly love and the health of labour and finds that individualist pride and greed are stronger than either.

Factors contributing to the greatness of this book will associate it rather with the grand tradition, with Balzac, than with the all-spice fatuities of the "modernists." The work has the universality of the Hamlet tragedy which, partly in essence and even in some of the accidents, it resembles. It has a basis in closely-knit family life wherein the fundamental human relations have their roots, has feeling, lost to the modernist, for the revealing power of reticence. His people have that reality the exact notation of the consummate artist alone can give; their relation in space and time are exact without effort, for the book has grown out of life.

The Chronicles are in five parts: *News from Havre*, *Caged Beasts*, *In Sight of the Promised Land*, *St. John's Eve*, and *The House in the Desert*. Each part is an artistic whole, the mood changing as in the movements of a symphony.

If I were more of an optimist I should predict a welcome for this book in Ireland. We have, in our tradition, the potentialities for an understanding of it and I would say the need of it.

EDWARD SHEEHY

LIAM O'FLAHERTY

THE SHORT STORIES OF LIAM O'FLAHERTY. (*Cape*. pp. 436. 7s. 6d.).

This column is not usually devoted to bouquet-throwing, even of the mildest sort, but Messrs. Cape have done themselves and O'Flaherty and us a good turn by bringing out this collection of the work upon which O'Flaherty's high reputation is built, and upon which his ultimate valuation will rest.

About fifteen years ago, when O'Flaherty's short stories were appearing for the first time, enthusiastic critics, here and there, were already comparing him to Tchekov and Maupassant. Actually, he has nothing in common with either, save his medium and the fact that he can be as great, and even greater, than either of them.

It is interesting to compare O'Flaherty with even the nearest of his Irish contemporaries: Mr. Peadar O'Donnell who, as an islander, might be expected to have some resemblance is, with Dr. Yeats, the finest writer of English prose to-day, occupying, in my opinion, the position of George Moore thirty years ago. O'Flaherty, on the contrary, has no style and needs none. He builds on the mind with all the irresistibility of the foreign genius that he is, overcoming the boundaries of language and accustomed modes of thought. He reminds me of a crude translation from some nameless Greek author. To me his greatest virtue and, perhaps, the most distinctive feature of his work is his complete identification of himself with nature. His changeable passions are the fictions of nature itself, his cruelty and animal tenderness no less. Whereas with most "civilised" writers, Nature is an incident in the minds of their character, in O'Flaherty, men and women are incidents in the minds of nature—rather insignificant incidents at that. This seems to me to place him as a classical writer. This and his inevitable and dramatic sense of form, make each story stand out as an individual entity. Those who only know O'Flaherty's novels should buy this collection at once.

CECIL FRENCH SALKELD

THE IRISH-AMERICAN SCENE

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN. By James T. Farrell. (*Constable*. pp. 439. 8s. 6d.).

Studs Lonigan, crude, terse, devastating, proved such a triumph that both author and publisher hastened to give more to a public, clamorously greedy. Pulsating studies of life in the Irish and Jewish quarters of Chicago—veritably "life in the raw." Rackets, race hatred, political hi-jacks, Irish-American priests, negroes, street-walkers, Polacks and pimps might not be an unfair flash at the contents. But justice demands more.

Studs Lonigan had embodied, if not a philosophy, at least a strong social outlook. *Fellow Countrymen*, consisting, except for a few, of short stories already published, is admirably classified into groups and the following extracts show one facet of the serious and richly-informed analysis of life which this brilliant young author seems to conjure up and present in a gripping, sincere and effortless style.

"The world was all wrong, and he felt that he should help to make it right, and not continue agreeing that it was all right, plucking profit out of wrongs and lies."

"... life was not something soft, something harmonious, something that was without contradiction. It was hard, stern, and demanded sternness."

Mr. Farrell has not yet found himself. He strikes one as a too-young man, earnest and evangelist in spirit, torn with the injustices of the world and the

foul inhumanity of man to man. His spirit is deeply disturbed yet, as though "blasted with excess of light" he shields the eyes of his soul from the truth and runs foul of his God, mocked at by one of his characters as an "indivisible, self-creating, perpetual-motion machine." Again, few readers will be able to understand his substitution for Judgment Day of "that final day of thermodynamic reckoning."

Definitely a significant book, although one can gauge its fate in this country by the fate of its predecessor. One could wish for a different basis for our censorship or, alternatively, for such an increase in our average intelligence and integrity as would make us as a community shock-proof to this and many such books which carry a high message but prove too overwhelming in the virility of their expression for our stolid, northern, hothouse, bourgeois and, perhaps, hypocritical standards.

K. H.

A BRACE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE: An Autobiography. By William Powers. (*Harrap*. 8s. 6d.).

WITH THE CORNERS OFF: My Adventurous Life on Land and Sea. By Commander A. B. Campbell. (*Harrap*. 8s. 6d.).

One time bank clerk, journalist, editor of the *Scot's Observer*, now President of the Scottish P.E.N. Club, Mr. Powers writes his autobiography and achieves a pleasurable urbane and delightful book. It is full of keen observations on men and affairs. He is not a man with a specific mission but one in whom all good causes had a crusader; deeply religious, but with a subtle enlivening humour that comes out in a delicate harmony of phrase in almost every page of the book.

In the Autumn of 1929 he came to Ireland. At a Kerry-Kildare match the crowd was standing up, a band was playing a tune "that seemed to have been composed by the writer of 'Smile, Smile, Smile?' in the decline of his powers." A policeman told him that it was our National Anthem. What have our music critics been doing? His comments on Ireland show keen insight. He finds a *macabre* quality in Irish towns, a good deal of "buried England." The streets of Limerick suggest Hogarth's backgrounds and marches to Tyburn. "It seems difficult," he says, "for Ireland to get away from the note of 'The Night before Larry was stretched.'" The book is an interesting record of a life of valuable work and is worth reading.

Commander Campbell, well-known for his broadcast talks from the B.B.C., has had a life packed with incident and adventure and he tells the story of it well. He has a lively, genial, unforced narrative style, which makes the book very pleasant reading. If I had space at my disposal I should like to quote some anecdotes of his experiences in Canada as lumberjack and amateur surveyor, of the queer characters who find their way into his life as pursuer on an ocean-going liner, crooks, cardsharpers, dipsomaniacs, drug-addicts, matrimonial plotters. The latter part of the book is given to his service with mine sweepers during the Great War, and as officer on the armed merchant cruiser, *Otranto*. When the vessel was sunk he was the senior officer saved. He makes a telling story of the experience. He ends: "I have never in my existence been more than a hundred pounds 'ahead of the game,' but I hope demonstrably, I have seen life." A readable and entertaining book.

E. DE C.

THE SIX WIVES OF KING HENRY VIII. By Paul Rival. Translated from the French by Una Lady Troubridge. (*Heinemann*. 12s. 6d.).

Frankly, it is difficult to know what to say about this book. First of all, it is not pure history; secondly, it is a translation: the point of this comment will appear later. I like psychological fiction; I like history; but I don't like them mixed. On the other hand, the late Lytton Strachey so popularised this mixture that there are many people who will only read history after it has been thoroughly "subjectivised"—in other words, romanticised.

King Henry VIII, who almost unconsciously played such an enormous part in the breakdown of Christianity, is, in my opinion, far too important a figure in world affairs to be dramatised on his hearth-rug, or eavesdropped-upon in his bedroom. The publishers' blurb ("Sex is the Keynote," etc.) realised my worst fears in a sentence.

Nevertheless, I must remind the reader that this book is a subjectivised biography, and that I am prejudiced because I like my history "straight." Yet, even as a biography, it has its faults, too. The petty sneers at "religion," for example, are grossly out of keeping in dealing with a man entitled "Defender of the Faith" by the reigning Pope, and who was as serious about theology as any man of his time.

M. Rival (or is it perhaps his translator?) seems, in his flippant way, to attach very little importance to the whole background of religion against which the blinded Henry played out his part. Surely, it was in that light that the real drama of Henry's life took on its monstrous significance—for I am not of M. Rival's opinion that Henry's theological "exercises" were little more than a pastime. Indeed, it was Henry's strict devotion to theology conflicting with an almost insane passion (his only one) for Ann Boleyn that was the straw that broke the back of Christianity in Europe.

What is possibly even more dramatic is that, even had Henry accepted the Papal decision, it is doubtful whether the influx of heresy could have been stemmed, since looting and confiscation of Church property had already begun on a large scale. At the same time, a Henry uninfatuated would have fought with every means in his power to keep his Catholic England within the fold of Christendom.

Apart from "religion and all that," this novel is entertainingly written and excellently translated. I cannot say I like it myself, but heartily recommend it to those who can only endure their history in this palatable, and, indeed, somewhat savoury form. Give me Henry VIII, musician, scholar, theologian and schismatic, every time.

C. S.

THEATRE AND FILM

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE THEATRE. By Allardyce Nicoll. (*Harrap*. 309 pp. 313 illus. 36s.).

In this new and revised edition, the Professor of Drama at Yale University, where his facilities are unrivalled, enabling him to cover every aspect of the Theatre from original sources, has brought a standard record of Theatre progress up-to-date. The revisions include a full translation of Leone di Somi's notes (*Dialogues on Stage Affairs*, c. 1565), which are not only of great historical interest but of immediate value to present-day players; selected designs from the 30,000 included in the Yale collection are also included now while the final chapter, on the Modern Theatre, has been completely re-written and is really a masterly summing up in concise terms of the varied movements of to-day and yesterday.

The great value of this volume is its exposition of the steady growth of theatrical art from the mere clowning or rigid tragedy, plus spectacle for both, of the Renaissance period, to the modern ideal of suggestive simplicity, backed by real insight, in both acting and staging. The author confines his attention almost exclusively to Western Europe, with slight references to the United States. I should like an enthusiast of such genuine insight and such great opportunities for research to attempt a world-survey of theatrical art, with an attempt thus to arrive at the basic psychology which is the mainspring of performers and audience alike. I know from my own efforts how difficult this would be ; but it would certainly be worth trying. It is apparent from incidental details that Prof. Nicoll has much more than a glimmering of such a world-view. If this work has any fault, it is that the audience of each period tends to seem remote—not that they are left out of account by any means, but that their views do not seem vividly presented—there is too much Nicoll between us and them. There is also a tendency, to regard the players and designers as specimens for study, that chills—and yet this is most unfair, because too strongly put ; the truth is that the Theatre is sometimes regarded too much as a box of tricks, the emphasis is too steadily on “machines,” etc. That this is so is, I suppose, inevitable since it was the chief concern of most theatre workers of former times—it survives yet in revue and pantomime.

Apart from this remoteness of attitude, the book, as a whole, is fascinating and, above all, accurate ; in spite of his backing of research, the author never dogmatizes and the extent of his reading must amaze one (his bibliography to *Theatre and Film* revealed this, too) ; perhaps in a later edition a chapter could be included on the Swedish theatre (especially the work of King Gustavus III, recorded in the Drottningholm Museum), on the Spanish theatre, especially the popular, semi-cabaret, theatres ; and on Obolovsky's experiments in his Realist Theatre in Moscow. Even granting that the main concern of this book is with the development of the theatre building and its use in staging in Western Europe, these would all go to complete the picture. Anybody really interested in the Theatre will find this work invaluable, while the profuse illustrations enhance its value enormously, most of them not being published elsewhere. It should form part of every young actor's education to study this book, and so give his art some perspective.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

CYRANO DE BERGERAC. By Humbert Wolfe. (*Hutchinson*. 6s.). pp. 219.

I had looked forward to this latest translation of Rostand's masterpiece, and while it is not so sonorous nor so true to period as the current translation (that used in the Dublin Gate production some years ago) it is really successful in conveying the essential swagger and word-play of Cyrano himself. This is achieved by some wonderfully skilful juggling with modern slang and the use of a basically modern speech-rhythm at appropriate points. Both result in a version entirely lacking in stiltedness, and considering that the play still retains an old-world flavour, Mr. Wolfe can congratulate himself. In his preface (in some ways the most interesting part of the book) he does not do so, since his text, which was asked for by London Films, Ltd., to provide a basis for scenario-writing, was turned down by them later. His account of Charles Laughton's assistance in acting the lines as soon as written, the difficulties met and overcome, and his analysis of sections of the translation and the methods used, all this in a delightfully humorous style, is really fascinating, and an object lesson to playwrights who forget that lines must be *spoken with action* as well as read ; at any rate, Mr. Wolfe, at present translating a Hungarian play for London production, learned this and more before he had finished.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY—(The Studio, Ltd., London. 5/-.)

This annual publication is an excellent introduction to the year's best work in photography. Both in range of subject and example of method it offers a pleasing variety. As is pointed out in the foreword *spirit* is all important in this as in any other art. While some may be so absorbed by the technique that they will be interested in almost any subject capable of displaying their skill, yet their best pictures will be got from subjects in which they are particularly interested. Eminence will be attained by depth of perception and an eye for beauty.

Straining after modern effect is conspicuously absent in the photographs displayed here, and a simple yet distinctly personal vision is apparent in most of the pictures.

Reproduction is excellent and the table of technical data makes the volume of considerable value to the camera user. Mention of individual pictures is dependent on personal taste. "The Hundred Steps Versailles" by Maurice Tabard, with its darkened foreground mass, creates an attractive study in scale, while the "Grimace" and "Nude" by Ergy Landau shows this artist's preoccupation with bizarre aspects of anatomy. Blomerfeld's "Sainte Chapelle" shows a striking use of engraved photography in capturing the delicate tracery of the subject. Suggested action translated from action in suspense is implicit in a fine picture by Ivan Ive, while Ronald Barraud's "Skyscrapers" should be mentioned as a fine imaginative study. Colour photography is represented by many pictures which demonstrate the potentialities of this medium.

LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE

FILM MAKING FROM SCRIPT TO SCREEN. By Andrew Buchanan. (*Faber and Faber*, London. 5s.).

THE FILM GAME. By Low Warren. (*T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.*, London. 10s. 6d.).

The literature of the Cinema is rapidly increasing, so much so, that repetition and overlapping must necessarily occur. Interest will tend to centre in the personality and achievements of the writer, and each writer will arise from a film-man frustrated in his calling. The only opening for the film artist is film theory. The studios, as Mr. Buchanan points out, have forgotten that Moving Pictures must move. In his present book he presents a simple essential and concise introduction to film work, which is intended to be eminently practical and to help the student of film who wishes to make films. Needless to say it might be read to advantage by the commercial movie makers. For our Irish semi-commercial amateur pioneers it would do much to remove the theatrical exhibitionist bogey which usually besets such beginnings. The first ten chapters constitute a practical course on film making, while the rest of the book contains invaluable suggestions and methods of approach to the material available to the film artist.

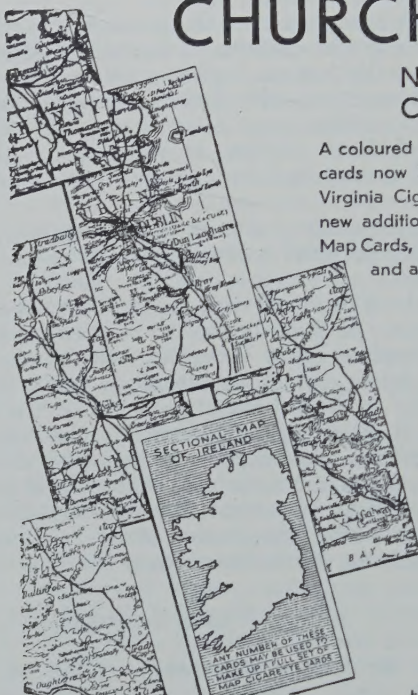
Mr. Warren's book contains the reminiscences of a pioneer in the creation of a cinema-conscious public. Little is known of that efficient mysterious world back of the glamorous advertisement of stars and shows, or of beginnings and development of the greatest racket of all time. Mr. Warren's review of forty years of film development is coloured by the gossip of experience, and so can be considered an important contribution to the real history of the movies.

LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE

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C.I.—3

BOOKS RECEIVED

- THE MOTH AND THE STAR. By J. H. Pollock. (Talbot Press. 7s. 6d.).
 THE SONG OF ROLAND. (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.).
 JAMES JOYCE AND OTHERS. By A. J. A. Waldock. (Williams and Norgate. 15s. 0d.).
 THE BALLADS OF BRITAIN. By John Goss. (The Bodley Head. 15s. 0d.).
 THE IRISH JESUIT DIRECTORY AND YEAR BOOK. (Irish Messenger Office, 1s. 0d.).
 AN IRISHMAN'S ENGLAND. By J. S. Collis. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.).
 MORE THAN SOMEWHAT. By Damon Runyon. (Constable. 7s. 6d.).
 FAMOUS CHINESE PLAYS. By L. C. Arlington—Harold Acton. (Vetch. 16s. 0d.).
 BLOODY MURDER. A Story of the Irish Rebellion. By S. C. Mason. (Bell. 7s. 6d.).
 JACQUES MARITAIN. By Gerald B. Phelan. (Sheed and Ward. 2s. 6d.).
 AN INTRODUCTION TO LOGIC. By Jacques Maritain. (Sheed and Ward. 8s. 6d.).
 INSURRECTION VERSUS RESURRECTION. By Maisie Ward. (Sheed and Ward. 12s. 6d.).

IMPORTANT NOTE

AN INDEX HAS BEEN PREPARED COVERING THE FIRST TWO VOLUMES OF IRELAND TO-DAY. A LIMITED NUMBER ARE AVAILABLE TO NON-SUBSCRIBERS AT THE PRICE OF ONE SHILLING, POST FREE.

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THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT. (16 NOV.—15 DEC.)

Special Committee to plan new Senate did not reach agreement; joint proposal of Fine Gael and Labour; Government introduced own proposals, including electoral college and nomination of 21 of the 43 members by vocational bodies. Rumours of Coalition denied by Minister. Minister said general election would be necessary unless political atmosphere improved and Government assisted. Mr. de Valera said Proportional Representation was on trial. League of Nations notified of change of name to Ireland, under new constitution. Bill introduced for new oath for army officers. Meeting in Belfast of independent Unionist Party "to find new leader." Lord Craigavon called for "united loyalist front in view of Unity campaign." Meeting of majority of Nationalist M.P.'s. decided against abstention; meeting of minority decided for. Eamon Donnelly at Liverpool Manchester Martyrs' Celebration, said exiles held key to Unity. Farmers' Protection Association being organised. Government policy severely criticised at Sinn Féin Ard-Fheis in Dublin. Formation of new Women's Social and Political League of all parties. Roll signed by 1916 veterans presented to Mr. de Valera at Dundalk. Five Irishmen with Madrid army killed; total killed now 32. Memorial to Capt. Sean Connolly unveiled at Glasnevin. Memorial to T. M. Kettle erected in St. Stephen's Green.

In statement on housing situation, Dublin Corporation said no other agency could have done more. In radio talk, Rev. J. Canavan said slums in centre of Dublin were still untouched. Minister said subsidising of building was heavy charge and industry should be put on business basis. Bill to be introduced to amend law on maintenance and affiliation. Alleged at Pioneer Association General Meeting, that drinking on increase. Mr. de Valera stated only hope of maintaining trial by jury was in referring certain cases to military tribunal. Remainder of sentences on 11 political prisoners in Curragh remitted. Several libel actions of political and literary interest. Damages for slander awarded girl alleged to have been seized by mob and brought before priest. High Court to go on circuit. Strike of deep-sea dockers at Dublin port ended after 18 days. One-day strike of omnibus workers. National agreement on wages in boot factories. Non-party committee recommended revised salaries: Uachtaran, £5,000; Taoiseach, £3,000; Tanaiste, £2,500; Ministers, £2,250. Danger of instability of Proportional Representation overcome, said Prof. Howley in lecture to Dublin Literary Society. Elections for restored Galway Corporation: Independents, 9; Labour, 2; Fianna Fail, 1. House of Commons report stated direct emigration from Saorstát to Great Britain was 11,000 in 1934, 14,000 in 1935, and 24,000 in 1936. First sale in Ireland of Tuberculosis Aid; letter seals opened in Clonmel. Belfast Tramways adhered to decision not to accept Saorstát coins. International motor race to be held in Cork in 1938. £10,000 golf links planned for Killarney. Steamer with nine of crew lost off Bangor.

Opening Cork Aonach, Minister Lemass said danger to industrial development was from exploiting manufacturers. Bill in Northern Parliament for grants and loans for new industries. Tribunal allowed 5 per cent. increase on railway rates. Export bounty announced for fat cattle to England. New alcohol factory opened at Labbadish, Donegal. Minister Ryan said Irish wheat being bought at world prices. Avoca Handweavers held show in Dublin. Welfare work stressed at Dublin meeting of Institute of Labour Management. Irish Aero Club closed down owing to lack of support.

Reception in Charlemont House by Friends of National Collections. Art exhibition by Gladys Wynne. Exhibition at Cuala Press. First Municipal Exhibition of paintings in Limerick. Only five candidates for National Gallery Student Scholarship. Third exhibition of Arts and Crafts Societies. Among music recitals were those by Peter Stadlen, Gregor Piatigorsky, and the Griller Quartet at R.D.S., and Lisa Perli in Celebrity Concerts. First production of church cantata by Havelock Nelson. Among lectures were those by Dr. Robin Flower to London Gaelic League; L. A. G. Strong to London Irish Literary Society on Moore; Rev. E. J. Coyne to Richard O'Carroll Labour Party Branch; Canon Drury to Dublin Literary Society on the Cinema; Rev. Owen Dudley on Emigration to England; Conchubhair O Cuileanain to U.C.C. Cuallacht Gaedhealaigh; Franz Koch, Berlin University, at U.C.D., on Schiller; Rev. Myles Ronan to Christian Art Academy on Ravenna; Denis Johnston to Film Society, with showing of his "Guests of the Nation"; Consul Karel Kostal to Film Society on Czechoslovakian films; Ashley Dukes at R.D.S.; John Mackay to Ríoghacht and U.C.C. on Afforestation; Kevin Murray to Old Dublin Society on Dublin's First Railway; A. G. Burnell to Chemical Association on Metallurgy; M. J. Riordan to Civil Engineers on Cork Water Supply. First production at Abbey of "Coggerers," by Paul Carroll, and at Gate of "Murder, Like Charity," by Andrew Ganly. 300,000 pages of folk-lore now collected by Commission. Testimonial to C. B. Moffatt, well-known naturalist.

Died: Con Collins, Limerick, and Peter Burns, Belfast, prominent in national movement. P. Kearney, railway trade union pioneer. Comdt. Liam Walsh, founder of Irish-speaking battalion. James Lynchehaun, who made sensational escapes from gaol.

DENIS BARRY